SEX IN LOCKDOWN: INSPIRING READER CONFESSIONS

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OCTOBER 2020

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GREG PALAST
HOW TRUMP STOLE 2020

BOBBY LEE
BARES HIS SOUL
& SO MUCH MORE

COVER HONEYS
LANA RHOADES & ADRIA RAE

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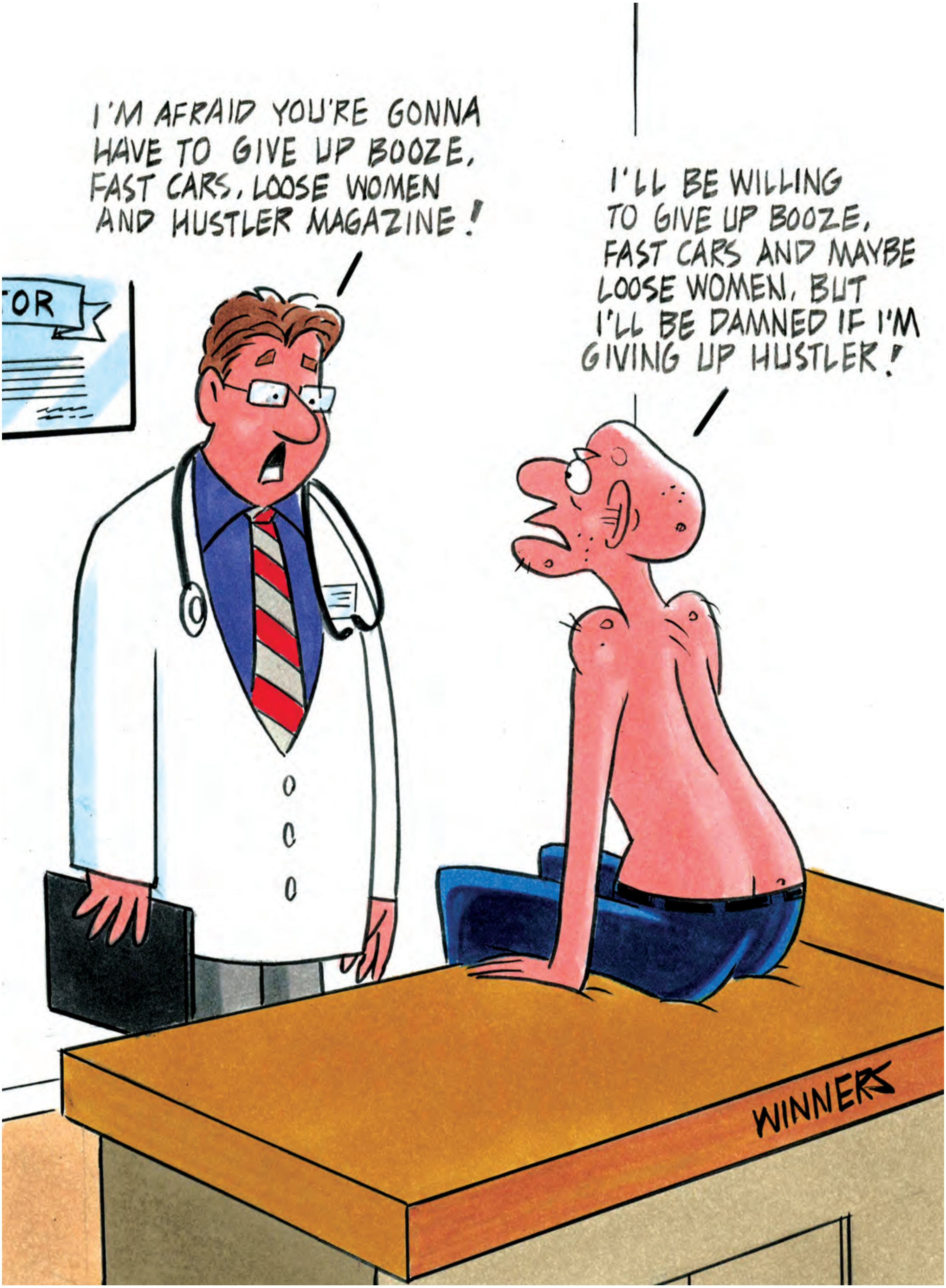
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GET TO THE POLLS!

For decades now Americans my age have complained about the apathy of the generations that came after the radical ’60s. Why couldn’t they be as politically conscious and active as the hippies and Yippies? Well, that has changed now: Radical youth is back, marching in the streets daily to demand change from coast to coast after the brutal killings of George Floyd and Breonna Taylor. They’ve already won major concessions on justice-system and police reform from many city and state governments—and have been promised commitment to these issues in Congress.

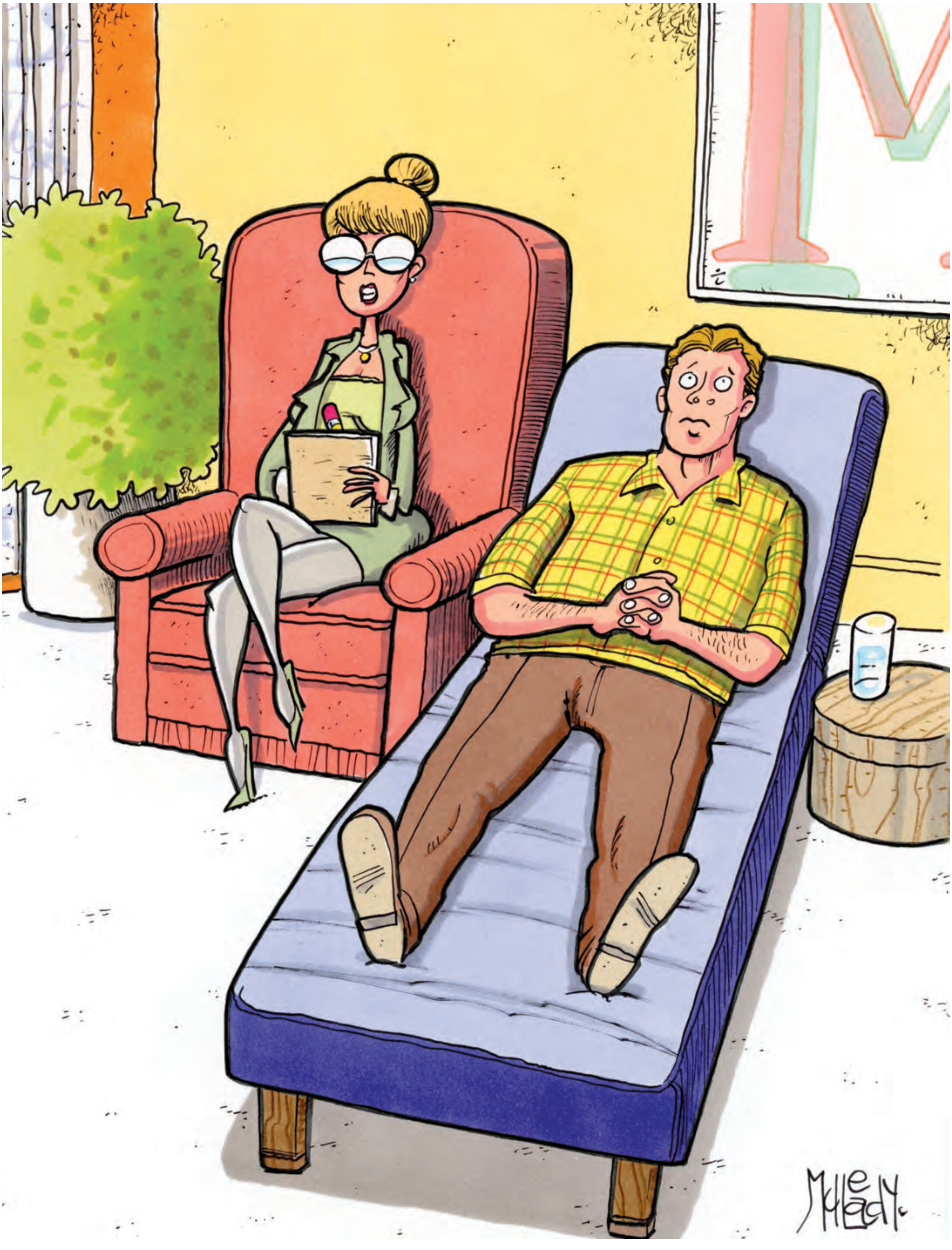
But it’s going to take more than attention and lip service from Congress critters to bring about real and lasting change. That means electing Democrats. And that means showing up at the polls, which, so far, our youngest voters have not done. Only 46% of 18- to 29-year-olds voted in the 2016 election, the lowest percentage of *any* age group. To be fair, this youngest age group has always voted in relatively low numbers. People in their late teens and twenties are preoccupied with getting an education, finding a career path and figuring out their love life. For many, if not most, politics has not been a major concern.

But it’s a different story now for the Millennials and Generation Z. These are the first generations told that they will not have a higher standard of living than their parents and grandparents. The whole country appears to be in decline, and young people are facing dim prospects: The nation has racked up sky-high debt, which their generations will be forced to pay. They graduate from college owing crushing student loans, only to find low-paying jobs. On top of that, artificial intelligence (AI) is estimated to affect a substantial percentage of all jobs by 2030. What will these unemployed or underemployed people do? Income inequality keeps growing, the 1% getting ever richer as the middle class shrinks. Meanwhile, climate change and the pandemic threaten the very foundations of life on this planet.

Clearly, “business as usual” is not going to solve these problems. The only way to improve the lot of *all* Americans is to oust Trump and his ilk and change the leadership in this country. For younger generations, getting involved in politics is no longer a luxury, but a necessity.

So let the message ring out, especially if you’re a Millennial or Generation Z: If you’re not registered to vote, DO IT TODAY! Request your absentee or mail-in ballots and send them in. If your state makes voting by mail difficult to near-impossible, show up at the polls, but please be safe—wear a mask and social-distance. Make sure your voice counts on November 3! Demand change with your ballot!

Larry Flynt
Publisher



“Don’t worry. You’re not suffering from dementia. A lot of people can’t remember what America was like before that stupid fucker Donald Trump was President.”

TRUMP COULD LOSE BUT "LEGALLY" WIN!

A FORMER U.S. SENATOR AND DIPLOMAT WARNS THAT "SURVIVAL OF OUR DEMOCRACY" IS NOW AT STAKE AS ELECTION DAY NEARS.

It seems unimaginable. But for many it was unimaginable that Donald Trump could become President of the United States in the first place. So ignore this warning at your peril.

Former U.S. Senator Timothy Wirth strongly believes that Trump is laying the groundwork to steal the November 2020 election "legally." In a mid-summer *Newsweek* opinion piece, Wirth and the magazine's editor-at-large Tom Rogers warn that Trump could invoke Presidential emergency powers, allowing him to "win" a second term even if, as seems likely according to pre-election polling, he loses enough key swing states to tip the contest to Democratic challenger Joe Biden.

In a scenario that Wirth and Rogers concede sounds as if it's straight out of political fiction, they explain just one of the ways that Trump could lose not only the popular vote (as he did in 2016), but also the Electoral College, yet still "lawfully" secure a second term. All it would require is using obscure emergency powers granted by Congress to the President decades ago, as well as some help from a stolen U.S. Supreme Court and the shameless Republican caucus in the U.S. House of Representatives.

In short, the example scenario proffered by Wirth and Rogers involves the invocation of Presidential powers to launch an investigation into dubious claims of election fraud in one or more battleground states. Trump and his corrupt Attorney General William Barr have already spent months advancing false claims about mass absentee ballot fraud.

With a Presidential "emergency" demand to investigate mass "fraud" in states that could tip to Biden—say Arizona, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania and/or Florida—ballot-counting could be halted, preventing the certification of results. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that votes would not be included in the final tally if a state was unable to certify by the time the Electoral College convenes. If that resulted in a tie or a challenge to the ultimate Electoral College count, the winner of the Presidential contest would—as specified by the U.S. Constitution—be determined by state delegations in the U.S. House.

Republicans currently hold the controlling majority in 26 House delegations. With each state receiving one vote to determine the winner, Trump could then be awarded a second term as President.

"It's potentially a major Constitutional crisis," Wirth told me. "Our belief is that it's no longer *possible* that Trump is going to make this kind of a challenge, but it's highly *probable*, if you assume as we do that he'll do anything he possibly can to stay in power."

Wirth has decades of insight into our political system. The octogenarian from Colorado is a Democrat who worked for the Lyndon B. Johnson and Richard Nixon administrations before becoming a six-term congressman in 1974, a U.S. senator in 1986 and an Under Secretary of State in the Bill Clinton Administration. He later served as President of the United Nations Foundation, where he is now a board member.

"If you look at Trump and what we've learned in the last three and a half years, this is a man who is absolutely deathly afraid of the word *loser*," Wirth told me. "He does not want to go down in history as the biggest loser in American political history. He will do everything he possibly can to avoid that and to stay in office."

As Wirth explained, "Effectively, under Article II of the Constitution, Trump can do practically anything that he wants to do. There are no constraints on his use of these emergency powers. There is no review of these powers. The Congress actually knows very little about them. They are in statute, but held by the Justice Department and by the White House. The Congress has had little or no attention to these."

Wirth continued, "Trump has no constraints on these. The Congress doesn't have any authority to check these powers. People can say, 'Well, it would go to court!' Who's going to take it to court? Barr, the Attorney General? Are they going to challenge what Trump says he's going to do?

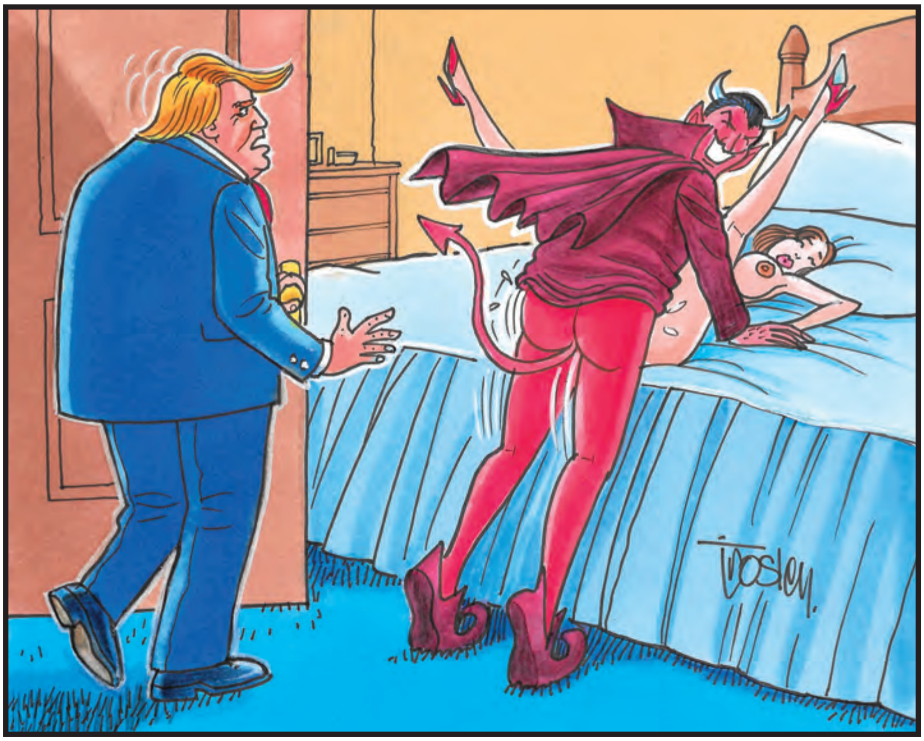
"The more you know, the worse it is," Wirth cautioned. "The more you know about these emergency powers, the more you sketch out what Trump may do, the more you see what he's doing in all of these swing states, how they're trying to discourage vote-by-mail, how he's making all kinds of wild statements about how corrupt electoral voting would be if it's conducted by mail." The outspoken Democrat pulled no punches. "It would really take a failure of imagination not to begin to think that this is not just possible, but probable. Let's connect the dots."

While seemingly unimaginable, the specific step-by-step posited in *Newsweek* (and a separate cautionary piece coauthored by Wirth for *Politico.com*) is plausible and, theoretically, perfectly legal. "There is a danger in our system," he warned, "and we have to build public attention to this so that it doesn't happen. We should be alert to it, aware of it, thinking about it, talking about it and building the firewall against it."

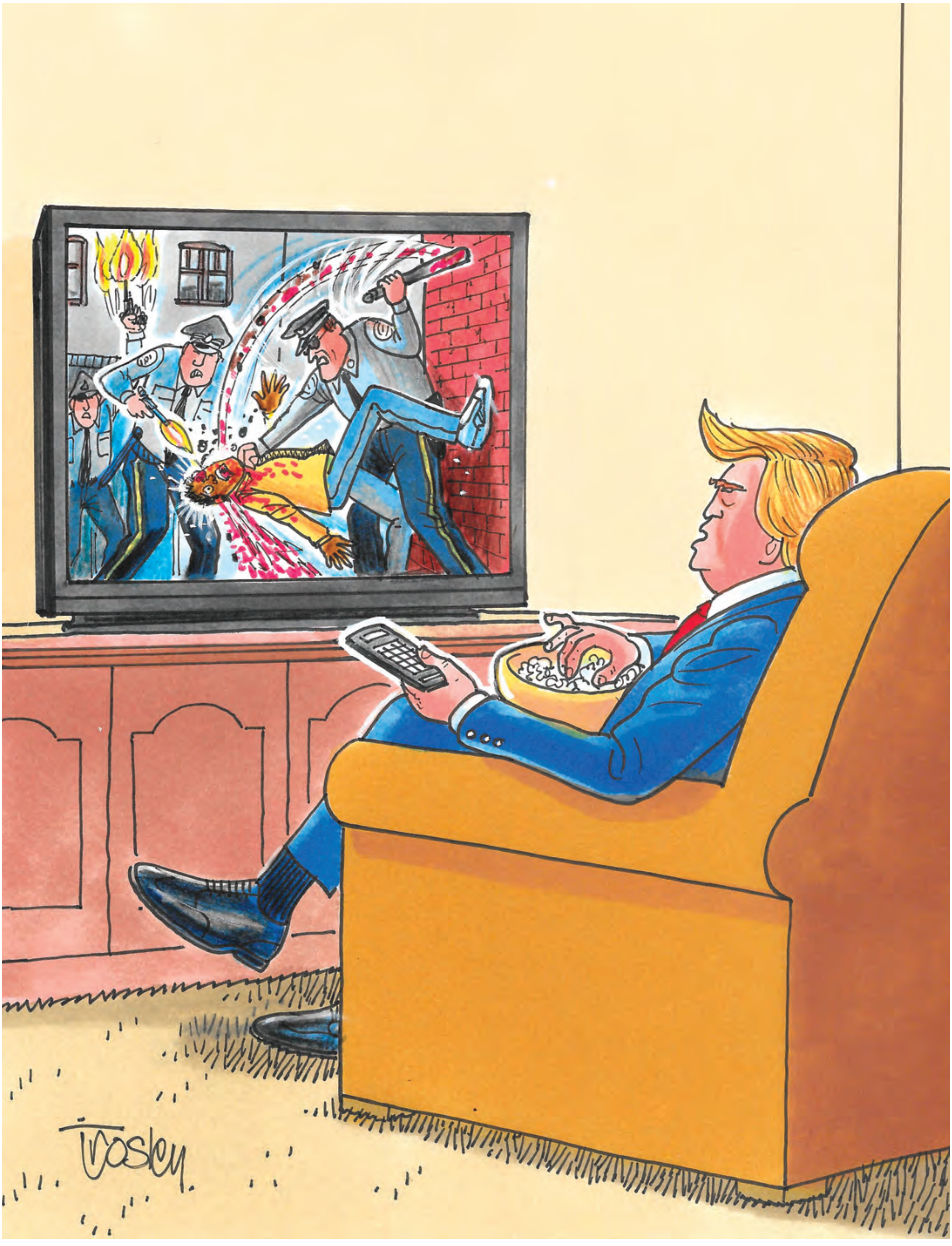
Wirth added, "We have to, all together, build an extraordinarily large and powerful citizens' firewall against this happening, since there are no formal guardrails on the President. There are none in the law. The Senate obviously isn't going to do anything. We wouldn't count on the Supreme Court. So it has to be a very, very broad public uprising—of governors, attorneys general, secretaries of state—people at all levels of government across the country being aware of what may be happening and beginning to gird themselves for this. This is not a matter of being balanced or not partisan. This is about the survival of our democracy."

Consider yourself alerted. Please ready the citizens' firewall.

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Hey...my wife and my best friend!"



"Disaster…deaths…depression…injustice…despair…doom.
Can't they talk about something other than my Presidency?!"

BLACKROCK RISES FROM THE SHADOWS

AN UNREGULATED WALL STREET INVESTMENT FIRM HAS BECOME SO POWERFUL THAT IT NOW CONTROLS THE U.S. ECONOMY.

To most people, if they are familiar with it at all, BlackRock helps pension funds and retirees manage their savings through "passive" investments that track the stock market. But working behind the scenes, it is much more than that. BlackRock, whose assets dwarf those of the biggest banks worldwide, has been called "the most powerful institution in the financial system," "the most powerful company in the world" and a "secret power."

Those aren't exaggerations. The world's largest asset manager and "shadow bank," BlackRock has more than $7 trillion in assets under direct management and another $20 trillion managed through its Aladdin risk-monitoring software. BlackRock has also been called "the fourth branch of government" and "almost a shadow government," although no government agency is an actual stockholder in the corporation. Despite its massive size and global clout, BlackRock isn't even regulated as a systemically important financial institution (SIFI) under the Dodd-Frank Act. (Known colloquially as "too big to fail," SIFIs are banks and insurance companies whose failure might trigger a financial crisis.)

BlackRock's political weight was evident when four executives, led by Vice Chairman Philipp Hildebrand, went to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in August 2019. At the annual G7 summit of central bankers they presented a proposal for a major economic reset.

Acknowledging that central bankers were running out of ammunition for controlling the money supply and the economy, the BlackRock group offered a remedy. They proposed that central banks (the Federal Reserve System in this country) maintain a Standing Emergency Fiscal Facility, which would be activated when interest-rate manipulation was no longer working to avoid deflation. The facility would be deployed by an "independent expert" appointed by the central bank.

The COVID-19 crisis presented the perfect opportunity to execute this proposal in the United States, with BlackRock itself appointed to administer it. In March 2020 BlackRock was awarded a no-bid contract under the Coronavirus Aid, Relief, and Economic Security Act (CARES Act) to manage three new Fed facilities that would deploy billions of dollars in bond- and mortgage-backed security purchases. While the public was distracted with protests, civil unrest and lockdowns, BlackRock suddenly emerged from the shadows to become the "fourth branch of government," with its finger on the controls to the Fed's print-on-demand fiat money.

BlackRock Quietly Bails Itself Out. The national lockdown left states, cities and local businesses in desperate need of financial aid from the federal government. But for BlackRock the first order of business was to bail out its own exchange-traded funds (ETFs). Its largest division today is iShares, a vast family of ETFs that comprises more than $1 trillion in assets under management.

Exchange-traded funds are bought and sold like stock shares, but operate as index-tracking funds, passively following specific indices such as the S&P 500, the benchmark index of America's largest corporations. Today the fast-growing ETF sector controls nearly half of all investments in U.S stocks. Highly concentrated, it is dominated by just three giant American asset managers—BlackRock, Vanguard and State Street, with BlackRock the clear leader. By 2017 the Big Three together had become the largest shareholder in almost 90% of S&P 500 firms.

In March 2020, however, ETFs were trading well below the value of their underlying bonds, which were dropping like a rock. Some ETFs were failing altogether. According to an April 3 article by business law professor Ryan Clements, if the Fed had not stepped in, "a 'doom loop' could have materialized, where continued selling pressure in the ETF market exacerbated a fire sale in the underlying [bonds], and again vice versa in a procyclical pile-on with devastating consequences."

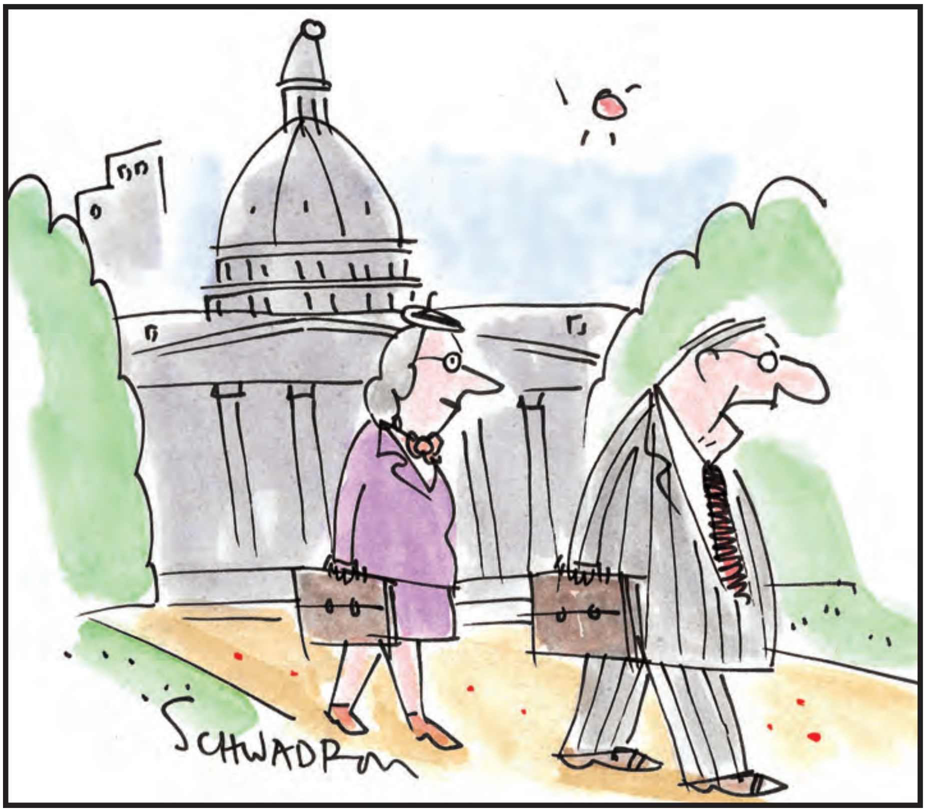
By mid-May, at BlackRock's direction, about $1.58 billion in ETFs had been bought through the Secondary Market Corporate Credit Facility. Nearly half were BlackRock ETFs. The Fed continued to buy more ETFs, and investors piled in behind. By the end of the second quarter, BlackRock's quarterly profit had risen by 21%.

BlackRock got a bailout with no debate in Congress. There was no "penalty" interest rate of the sort imposed on states and cities borrowing through the Fed's Municipal Liquidity Facility, no complicated paperwork or waiting in line for scarce Small Business Administration loans, no strings attached.

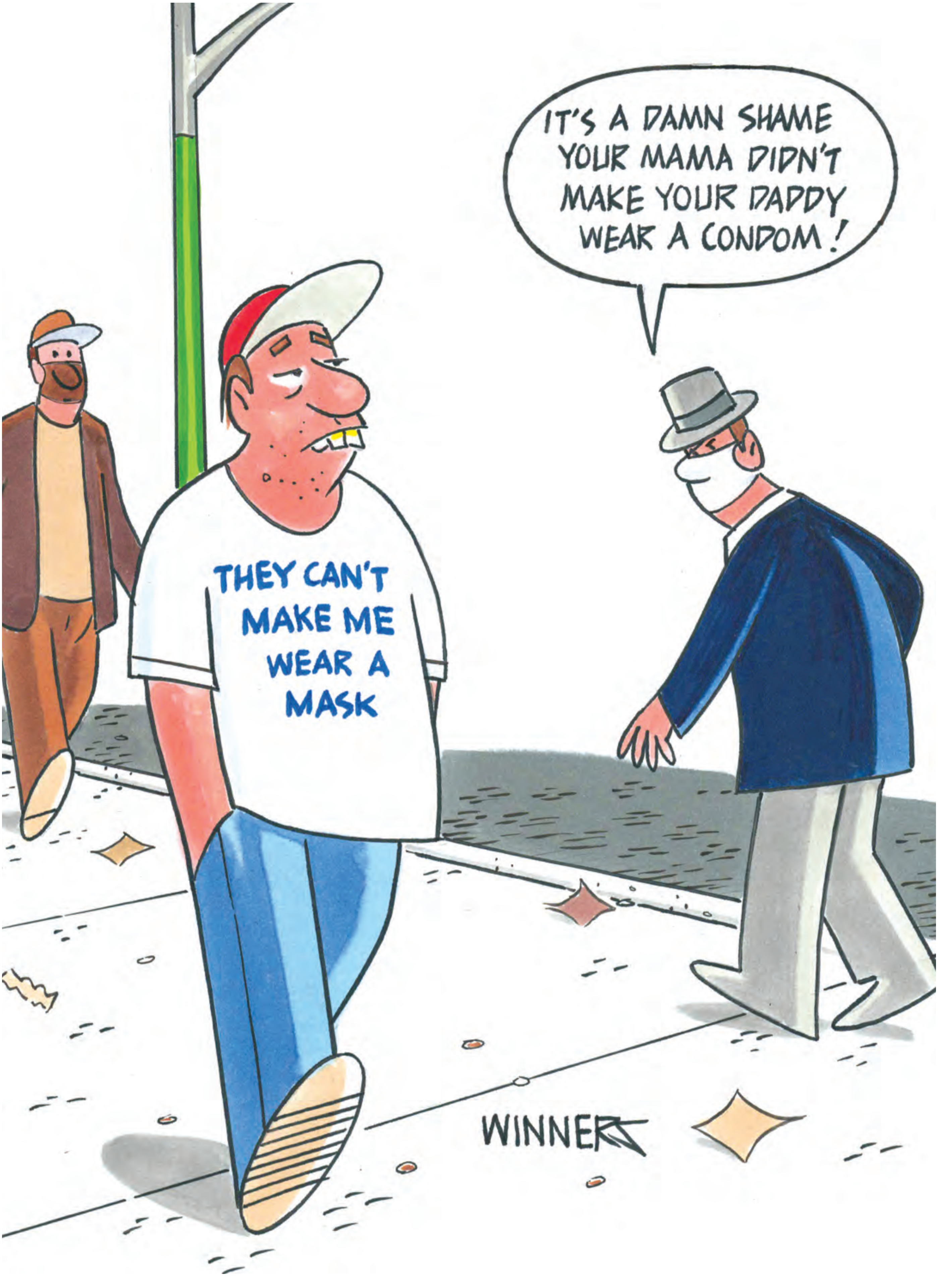
Public policy is made today in ways that favor the stock market, which is considered the barometer of the U.S. economy, although it has little to do with the strength of the real, productive economy. Giant pension and other investment funds largely control the stock market, and the asset managers control the funds. That effectively puts BlackRock, the largest and most influential asset manager, in the driver's seat in controlling the economy.

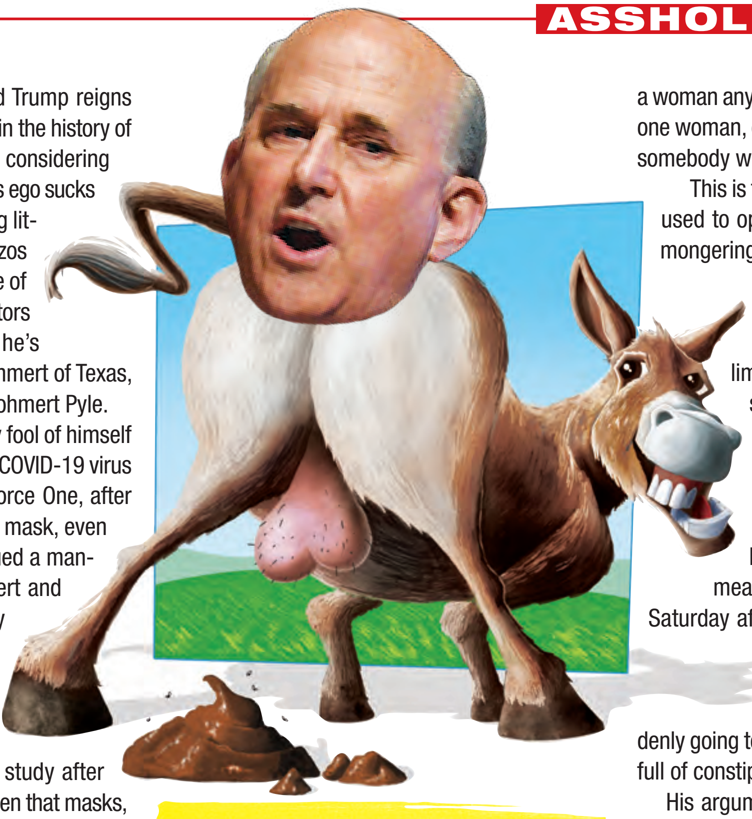
At the least, BlackRock should be regulated as a too-big-to-fail systemically important financial institution. Better yet would be to regulate it as a public utility. No private, unelected entity should have carte blanche power over the economy, which BlackRock has, without a legally enforceable fiduciary duty to wield that power in the public interest.

Ellen Brown is an attorney, chair of the Public Banking Institute and author of 13 books, including *Web of Debt, The Public Bank Solution* and *Banking on the People: Democratizing Money in the Digital Age*. Her 300-plus blog articles are posted at **EllenBrown.com**.



"I'd love to vote my conscience. Where can I find one of those?"


IT'S A DAMN SHAME YOUR MAMA DIDN'T MAKE YOUR DADDY WEAR A CONDOM!
THEY CAN'T MAKE ME WEAR A MASK
WINNERS



LOUIE GOHMERT

There is no question that Donald Trump reigns supreme as the biggest buffoon in the history of the GOP, and that's saying a lot, considering the stiff competition. Trump's ginormous ego sucks all the air out of the circus tent, leaving little limelight for the other right-wing bozos on Capitol Hill. So it's high time for one of Trump's most talented clown competitors to get the well-deserved attention he's begging for: Representative Louie Gohmert of Texas, whom we affectionately refer to as Gohmert Pyle.

Gohmert made a potentially deadly fool of himself in July when he tested positive for the COVID-19 virus during a preflight screening for Air Force One, after bragging that he had not worn a face mask, even after Texas Governor Greg Abbott issued a mandatory statewide mask order. Gohmert and his legions of selfish jackasses are why the United States ranks as the worst country in the world for COVID-19 infections and deaths. They're convinced that wearing a mask is some kind of governmental tyranny, when study after study and nation after nation have proven that masks, along with social distancing, are the main defenses against spreading the virus.

Gohmert's own daughter, a singer who goes by the stage name BELLSAINT, hates her father's politics and slammed him on Twitter for the mask fiasco: "Wearing a mask is a non-partisan issue. The advice of medical experts shouldn't be politicized. My father ignored medical expertise and now he has COVID… Please please listen to medical experts. It's not worth following a president who has no remorse for leading his followers to an early grave."

But Louie seems bound and determined to lead all the lemmings over the cliff. He keeps touting hydroxychloroquine as a cure for COVID-19, despite Dr. Anthony Fauci's and the FDA's disapproval. In fact, he even says he takes the drug. And he even claimed that Germany was using some kind of mysterious miracle powder to prevent the virus: "It is being used in Germany as a mist," Gohmert said. "Healthcare workers go through a misting tent going into the hospital and it kills the coronavirus completely dead not only right then, but also anytime in the next 14 days that the virus touches anything that's been sprayed, it is killed." There's only one small problem: Gohmert seems to have discovered this miracle powder in his fever dreams, because the chief of the German Hospital Association, Dr. Jörn Wegner, stated, "What your congressman said is absolute nonsense. There are no such tents, and there's no powder or magical cure."

Dream on, Louie, as the whole country turns into a living nightmare, thanks to you and your orange fuehrer's stubborn idiocies.

But it's not only the United States that Gohmert is determined to wreck—he's working hard to make sure the whole planet goes down in flames too. It comes as no surprise that Louie is a climate change denier. He egged Trump on to withdraw from the Paris climate accords, is dead set against carbon cap-and-trade legislation, and supports the trans-Alaskan pipeline and more oil drilling in the fragile Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Incredibly, Gohmert even believes that the pipeline is an aphrodisiac for caribou! "When [the caribou] want to go on a date, they invite each other to head over to the pipeline," said Louie in a meeting of the House Natural Resources committee. "If oil stops running through the pipeline…do we need a study to see how adversely the caribou would be affected if that warm oil ever quit flowing?"

Yes, folks, believe it or not, this doofus is actually a sitting U.S. congressman, and this is not the first time he's expressed a weird obsession with animal sex. Several years ago, when a fellow Republican proposed the Restore Our American Mustangs Act that would compel the Bureau of Land Management to use contraception to limit the breeding of wild horses instead of inhumanely culling the herd or penning them up in corrals—legislation that would save $5 million per year and preserve habitat—Louie actually complained that BLM rangers were going to "put condoms on wild horses." No, Louie, BLM rangers are not risking their lives pulling Trojan Magnums onto erect stallions; the contraception is a protein called PZP-22, sprayed from helicopters over a herd of mares. It prevents them from getting pregnant. Tip to all of Gohmert's neighbors down in Tyler, Texas: When you're on vacation, don't let this freak babysit your dog!

Continuing his obsession with animal sex, Gohmert once burped out this doozy when complaining about legislation limiting firearm magazines to ten rounds: "Well, once you make it ten, then why would you draw the line at ten? What's wrong with nine? Or 11? And the problem is once you draw that limit. It's kind of like marriage when you say it's not a man and a woman anymore. Then why not have three men and one woman, or four women and one man, or why not somebody who has a love for an animal?"

This is the stupid old "slippery slope" argument used to oppose a lot of sensible laws with fearmongering. If we restrict gun magazine capacity, it leads to total gun confiscation! If we allow gay marriage, bigamous bestiality is next! But we make laws to limit all kinds of activities using common sense, often changing and improving them with feedback. We have decibel limits on noise pollution: You can't set up your rock band on your front lawn and blast heavy metal all over the neighborhood at midnight, but that doesn't mean you can't use a noisy lawnmower on Saturday afternoon. We have highway speed limits: 75 mph on most interstate stretches, but that doesn't mean the tyrannical government is suddenly going to limit speeds to a 25-mph crawl. You're full of constipated crap, Louie!

His argument about hydroxychloroquine and not using masks is based on the privacy right between him and his doctor, without the big, bad government interfering—but he doesn't apply the same principle to a woman seeking an abortion. No, then the big, bad government is fine forcing a woman to endure a pregnancy she doesn't want!

Gohmert's universe is full of imaginary goblins and ghouls all ready to pounce and destroy us. Back in 2010 he made a speech in the House about "terror babies," saying that women from Islamic countries fly to America to give birth, granting the child automatic citizenship. Then the baby is flown back to Afghanistan or Syria or wherever, raised to be a radical jihadist and allowed back into the U.S. to set off terrorist bombs. Well, it's possible, but when challenged, could Gohmert cite even one case of such a thing ever happening? Of course not. It was just another sick fantasy from his childishly overactive imagination.

In June the big kid threw a temper tantrum in a hearing featuring a critic of Trump's Attorney General William Barr. Like Khrushchev banging his shoe on the table at the U.N., Gohmert kept loudly rapping his finger ring against his desk to interrupt testimony he didn't like. After a Democrat asked the chairman to have the sergeant at arms remove him, Louie complained, "If there are no rules about when people can talk, there's no rules about when you can make noise." Which didn't make any damn sense, yet again. Gohmert's election opponent, Tyler Democrat Hank Gilbert, said, "A two-year-old would be put in time-out for such a ridiculous temper tantrum. People in East Texas don't behave like rabid crazy people like this. It's an embarrassment."

Gohmert Pyle is more than an embarrassment: He's a rabid, crazy, paranoid Asshole. Only Donald Trump prevents him from winning the gold-medal bozo booby prize of the year.

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SEX WORK IS *WORK!*

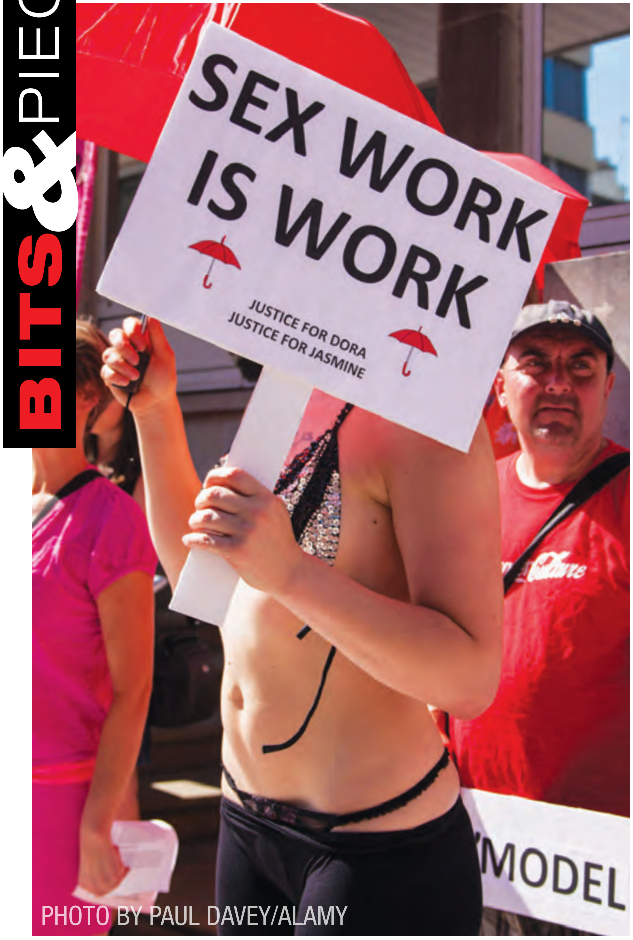

PHOTO BY PAUL DAVEY/ALAMY

This pandemic shit is hard enough as it is without government, law enforcement, landlords and the rest of the oppressors making it even tougher for hardworking people to get through the day. And no one is getting the short end of the COVID stick quite like sex workers, locked in a vicious catch-22 that threatens their safety, health and income stability.

We look to Canada for ameliorative measures, where sex workers, advocates and Amnesty International have joined forces to lobby the federal government for a moratorium on enforcing sex work laws during the pandemic. The CBC (sort of like NPR, but somehow more boring) interviewed members of this united front, who hit the streets of Toronto in July to remind lawmakers that sex work is work, so either help or get out of the way.

Sex laws up north are not identical to U.S. law, but it all boils down to the same screw job: Because the government won't recognize their work as legitimate income, sex workers are left without the requisite paperwork to qualify for COVID benefits. And if they can't tap into the same relief money that other taxpayers receive, then they have no choice but to continue working. Yet, because their job is deemed illegitimate, there is no structure in place for workplace safety protocols or access to PPE equipment. It's an impossible situation.

Amnesty is calling it a human rights violation and insists that decriminalization will help "ease the burden" sex workers face. And while the government has been doling out millions in COVID aid to shelters, women's organizations and other grassroots aid organizations, it still falls short of the kind of help these folks really need. Grocery gift cards are nice and all, but they limit a person in terms of where they can spend that money. And that's not autonomy.

But maybe there's a silver lining. This pandemic fucking sucks, but it's also proven to be a catalyst for attitudinal shifts and the need for change. Canada's prostitution law (C-36), courtesy of Conservative dweeb Stephen Harper, is up for review this year.

If pretty boy Trudeau gets this right, others might follow. Remember, if the Toronto Raptors can win a championship, then anything is possible!

GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH

Hold up: Did the queer community just save sex?

We take you now to New York, where this summer health authorities attempted to provide useful information on how to have safe(r) sex as the city continued to battle a pandemic. Specifically, they suggested that New Yorkers explore new sexual avenues, including "physical barriers, like walls, that allow sexual contact while preventing close face-to-face contact."

LGBTQ outlets were quick to identify this not-so-new solution to social distancing and sex: *Hell, they're talking about glory holes and encouraging the use thereof.* That's not to say that glory holes are inherently gay. In fact, all of us can benefit from this tried-and-true method of getting off. But historians seem to agree that its origins date back to 18th century England, which at the time had some pretty Draconian laws on the books prohibiting homosexuality. Forced underground and fearing persecution, innovation and necessity came together one day in an East End hovel.

According to literary historian Rictor Norton, as quoted in *Slate*: "In 18th-century London, gay men were regularly arrested in the Lincoln's Inn bog house, on the east side of New Square, Lincoln's Inn Fields… And in the Temple bog house in 1707 a hole had been deliberately cut in the partition wall between two stalls—making it the first recorded glory hole."

The fact that *glory hole* is now part of the public health lexicon is funny for sure, but remember, just because it might be okay to have sex through a wall doesn't mean you can toss the playbook. Groups are still a bad idea. Keep it small and intimate, most preferably with people in your bubble. And bad news for us ass lovers: glory hole or not, rimming is still considered risky behavior. Damn you, coronavirus! *Damn you to hell!*

"There is no glory in practice, but without practice, there is no glory…" —UNKNOWN

SUCH A GOOD GIRL

A tool is only useful in the hands of someone who knows how to use it. Anyone can post nudes to OnlyFans, but it takes creativity and entrepreneurial instincts to translate sex into revenue. And it's not about being "hot," whatever the hell that means. No, knowing your audience and knowing what people want separate the pretenders from the ones buying real estate and living their best life.

As the pandemic wears on, more and more folks are looking to online sex work as a means to recoup income. Obviously it's not for everyone (you *cannot* unring that bell), and only the best are pulling in real bank, but every once in a while inspiration strikes and you get lightning in a bottle or, in Jenna's case, dog food in a can.

The *Mirror* (U.K.) shares the story of Jenna Phillips, 21, from Austin, Texas. Jenna had been working as an optician while posting what she describes as "vanilla content" to her OnlyFans account. After about a year and a half of this she discovered the pet-play scene and never looked back, except maybe while she's chasing her own tail.

To the uninitiated, it's pretty much how it sounds: subservience, play and kink through the role-play of a loyal companion animal. Some people gravitate toward foxes, kittens or rabbits, but Jenna says she's always been a puppy at heart. "Even when I'm off camera, and in public I love to be walked on a leash," she said, adding how, "I feel like a dog. I just want to roll around, play fetch, get head scratches, run around and play. All of that."

And once she started posting pet-play content to her OnlyFans—*kaboom!* Jenna claims to rake in six figures a month making pet-play videos for her thousands upon thousands of fans, who pay upward of $1,200 for a custom flick. It's so lucrative that she quit her eyeglasses gig to spend her days fetching balls, jumping in streams, and going for walks like the perfect pup she is. Good girl! (*Twitter: @PuppyGirlJenna; OnlyFans.com/YourPuppyGirl*)

THROUPLES, REJOICE!

Call us crazy, but we here in the HUSTLER newsroom are getting the distinct impression that polyamory is going mainstream. Granted, Will and Jada kind of imploded, but that doesn't mean that the rest of us aren't ready to test out the sweet, once-taboo waters of consensual nonmonogamy.

And one town is stepping up in their support by officially (read *legally*) recognizing polyamorous relationships. Somerville, Massachusetts, is the first city in the nation to pass an ordinance that no longer seeks to limit the number of people in a relationship, and this affects more people than you might think.

According to CBS News, an estimated 4% to 5% of Americans claim to be in polyamorous relationships, also known as consensual or ethical nonmonogamy, a "practice in which partners maintain more than one sexual or romantic relationship, with each other's knowledge and consent." Comparatively, the number of people who identify as nonmonogamous is almost on par with those who identify as LGBTQ, which is approximately 4.5% of Americans.

It is still illegal in all 50 states to be married to more than one person, but that's polygamy—not polyamory. Polyamorous relationships may include both married and unmarried partners, but even the most creative solutions and configurations run into trouble. Finances, child custody, property—without a proper legal framework, legitimate relationships face discrimination because we dare to love more than one person.

Councilor Lance Davis, chair of the Legislative Matters committee, drafted the new legislation to recognize domestic partnerships. "When society and government tries to define what is or is not a family, we've historically done a very poor job of doing so... It hasn't gone well, and it's not a business that government should be in."

Loyal *Bits & Pieces* readers will remember our recent recap of Taiwan's move to legalize adultery and how this resulted in a massive spike of Taiwanese wives signing up for Ashley Madison. And while sneaking around can be a dangerous thrill, one wonders how many days a service like Ashley Madison could survive if we were all allowed to love who and how we want. Until then, excuse me while I search through real estate listings for my new home in Somerville.

***"The better I get to know men, the more I find myself loving dogs."* —CHARLES DE GAULLE, FRENCH ARMY OFFICER/STATESMAN**

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

Every sport has its impossible move. In figure skating, it's the quad jump. In diving, it's a reverse 4½ somersault in the pike position. And in the wide world of bedroom gymnastics: the fabled DP. As to the latter, you need not be an Olympian to achieve this hallowed feat (though strength, flexibility and coordination are assets), but definitely take a moment to know what you're getting into and how to enjoy it—safely and to everyone's satisfaction.

And we do mean *everyone*. According to Pornhub, double penetration videos are a favorite among women. Believe it or not, the genre is actually 89% more popular among female viewers than among men. With all this interest in stuffing holes and being stuffed, it would behoove us to put in the time and learn how to do DP right.

Luckily for you, the open-minded Millennials of *Refinery29* have assembled the ultimate to-do list for your maiden voyage to Pleasure Town. What follows is HUSTLER's abridged version:

Silicone all the way. Some people prefer water-based, but when attempting a DP, silicone lube is just plain better. It's thicker than water-based lubes, and that is important because the anal walls are much thinner than the vaginal walls. A thicker lube will help prevent any tearing or damage.

Start slow. No need to go all in right away. Women, ask your partner to gently insert a finger or toy in your anus while he's inside your vagina. See how it feels, and take it from there.

Do not forego foreplay. This is kind of the golden rule: Never be a selfish lover. But it takes on added importance in this context, in that your body needs to be both physically and mentally prepared for something this intense. Try introducing a small butt plug to your play—it's a fun way to get your toes wet before diving in. Anal foreplay in general is a good idea, but always ask first.

Who goes where? If you've seen DP porn, then you're already a step ahead. The suggested configuration for beginners—assuming it's a boy-girl-boy situation—is Guy 1 on his back, woman straddles him forward for cowgirl-style vaginal sex, and Guy 2 is behind her for doggy anal. Remember to stretch and be gentle!

And talk, talk, talk. This is all about her and her limits (again, for the purposes of discussion, this is two guys/one girl). Before you do anything, discuss limits, safe words, and get a feel for what everyone wants out of this threeway. It has to be a good experience for everyone involved. Oh, and one word: *enema*. Thank us later.

GOOGLE GOES ROGUE

Ah, porn, the great equalizer. Maybe your parents stumbled upon your search history or a partner walked in on you climaxing to granny porn—mortifying. In theory, one might feel empathy for someone who finds themselves in this position. But for others it's unfiltered schadenfreude. Suffer, motherfucker.

And so we find ourselves laughing uncontrollably at the misfortunes of New York's Metropolitan Transit Authority, which runs the subway system. Between the pandemic and a crumbling infrastructure, they have enough on their plate right now without having to deal with a search engine anomaly that's yielding some insane results.

The story was picked up by the newspaper *Queens Daily Eagle* and website *The Verge*, which provides a lovely screenshot to illustrate the apparent glitch. Namely, when you search specific Metro-North stations in Google, you'll get some oddly incongruous top results. For example, when searching for Ossining Station, the second result is "Ossining—Flirtatious Anal Dildo for Cock Hungry Blond Slut." So that's a thing. (For the record, it doesn't actually link to porn. Read on.)

This has nothing to do with the MTA, but we're still pissing ourselves over their misfortune—for Christ's sake, they recently terrorized a 12-year-old boy for selling candy on the train. No, this one is on Google's head: "This is an error in our systems that we are working to diagnose and fix," said a spokesperson. "We apologize for any concern or offense this may have caused."

As per *The Verge*'s stellar research, the glitch has to do with a file called *robots.txt* that tells search engines which pages or files can or can't be requested from your site. So even though an entity like the MTA may use robots.txt to *prevent* certain search results (e.g., "Flirtatious Anal Dildo"), "Google may still list the page and form a title for it from other sources that link to it."

The transit agency is currently staring down the barrel of a $4-billion budget shortfall this year as a result of drastically reduced ridership in the wake of COVID-19, so this is kind of the last thing they need right now. You can actually taste the seething rage in the MTA's statement: "This is offensive and inappropriate language that is being generated by a Google search algorithm. There is no issue with the MTA's website. We reached out to Google yesterday to ask them to fix this immediately. Google needs to fix this now."

You know what else should be fixed? The subway system. Food for thought, you fucking dildos.

"The problem with political jokes is that they get elected." —UNKNOWN

1-800
WET
9 3 8
TITS
8 4 8 7
1-800-WET-FUCK
9 3 8 3 8 2 5
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WET
9 3 8
CUNT
2 8 6 8
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BLACK
2 5 2 2 5
ASS!
2 7
TIGHT, BLACK PUSSY BABY!!
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3 2 7 5
TWAT
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B017 $2.98 per/min, plus a small $2.98 connection fee, credit cards & check by phone. Adults 18+ only.

KIRA NOIR

LET'S GET INTO IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

It might sound silly, but I *love* caring for plants. I currently have over 50 houseplants, from tiny succulents to herbs to trees! I even grow my own basil, rosemary and chili peppers to cook with. And one of these days I'm going to start taking taxidermy classes and see if that's a good fit for me. I am so much more dorky than my fans think.

"I started my career working at a HUSTLER Club in Saint Louis, Missouri. Sometimes they would have lap dance specials where guests would receive free HUSTLER magazines with a dance, so at 18 I was handing HUSTLER magazines to men—long before I ever dreamed of being in one.

"I love big noses, big goofy personalities and big feet. I think strong noses are sexy. And I've always had this fantasy of being discreetly felt up in a crowded place until I can't take it anymore and come. As far as porn scenes, I'm into gonzo threesomes with one guy and one other girl. Oh, sure, I like storylines too, but my favorite is to grab a hot guy and a hot girl and get right into it."

KIRA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Nashville, Tennessee** | AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-26-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@TheKiraNoir** | INSTAGRAM: **@TheKiraNoirGram**

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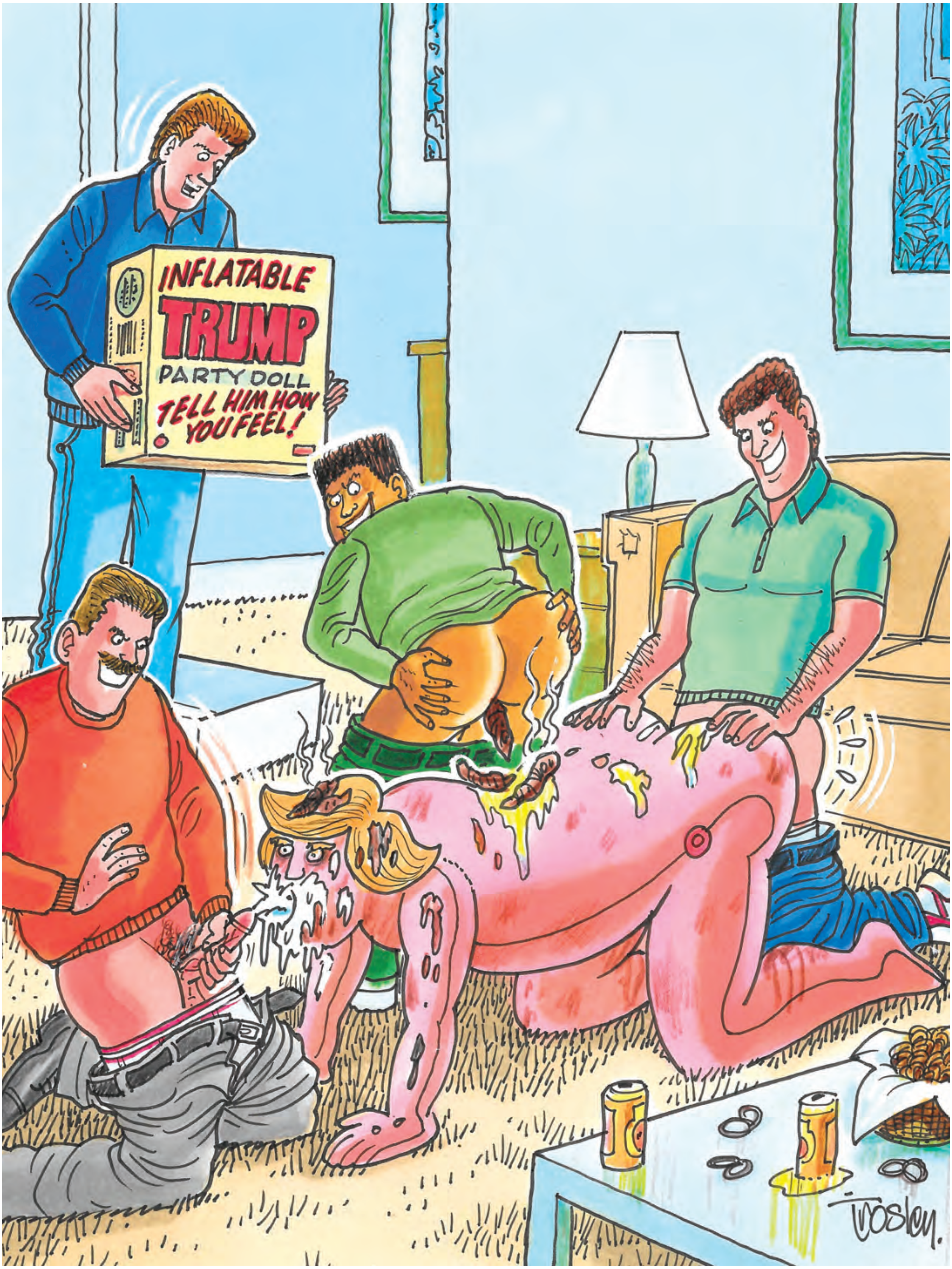


INFLATABLE
TRUMP
PARTY DOLL
TELL HIM HOW YOU FEEL!
Tosley

"Hey, now this is a *great* party game!"

PHOTO BY GABRIEL OLSEN,
COURTESY OF THE PALAST FOUNDATION

GREG PALAST
HOW TRUMP STOLE 2020

INTERVIEW BY ED RAMPELL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TED RALL

Throughout much of the 2020 Presidential race, voting, *the* fundamental act of democracy, has been troubled. Casting and tabulating ballots has proven a tricky process during the primary/caucus season and serves as a warning sign for November's general election, particularly with an unpredictable incumbent desperate not to leave the White House. Thankfully, Greg Palast, America's top watchdog on the electoral beat—the man who exposed Bush's theft of the 2000 election in 2002's *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*—is back on the case.

Palast's reports from the frontlines of injustice have been carried by BBC, *Rolling Stone*, *Democracy Now!* and many other outlets. A cross between legendary muckraker Jack Anderson and detective Sherlock Holmes, Palast has just released his new book: *How Trump Stole 2020* from Seven Stories Press. In this cautionary tale Palast ferrets out the facts, exposing ballot bandits and voter suppression. The book is chock-full of hard-hitting investigative reporting, research and data, enlivened by Palast's wit and cartoonist Ted Rall's illustrations.

Alarmed that our struggle to ensure "one person, one vote" may be lost, the impassioned Palast invokes a hero of the American Revolution, writing, "As Tom Paine said, someone who takes away your right to vote is worse than a horse thief. You can always get another horse. But you can't get another democracy."

In this candid conversation, Palast details voter suppression tactics and ponders what the problems during the 2020 primaries bode for the scheduled November Presidential election—if it takes place. >>

HUSTLER: *How Trump Stole 2020*'s first chapter is entitled "The End" and consists of only two lines: "Donald Trump was reelected President on November 7, 2018. Two years before a single ballot was cast." Explain.

GREG PALAST: I know it sounds grim. What happened in November 2018 was a test run for the GOP successful program to eliminate millions and millions of voters they don't like. Those are particularly of the George Floyd color. The Republicans have figured out how to remove the young, African Americans, Asian Americans and Hispanics from the voter rolls. The mass purge method was taken for a test drive in November 2018. In the election between Stacey Abrams—the first Black woman ever nominated by a major party to run for state governor—versus Brian Kemp, Stacey Abrams has stated that she won, but wouldn't be inaugurated because of the Jim Crow tactics used by Brian Kemp [who, as Georgia's secretary of state, oversaw the same election he ran in].

Our investigation found massive illegal removal of legitimate voters who, when they show up to vote or when they're waiting for their ballot through the mail, won't get their ballot, won't be allowed to vote. Or if they show up at the polling station, they'll be given something called a provisional ballot. Hundreds of thousands of so-called provisional ballots were rejected in 2016; they were disqualified. Basically, they're going to block young people and voters of color—if you vote, they're not going to count your ballot. We had up to a million uncounted votes after the 2016 Presidential election.

Trump didn't steal it. Rather, he's got minions who do the dirty work for him, whether it's Kemp of Georgia or Kris Kobach of Kansas, operatives who spend day and night trying to figure out how to make voting difficult for you and me. Not every Republican is a racist, vote-thieving dick—just the people in charge of the party's voting operation, in particular their secretaries of state, as in Georgia and Ohio. That's where we have the problem.

Some tout voting by mail as a partial solution. In late May, for the first time in its history Twitter labeled Trump's tweets, claiming they needed fact-checking. Both tweets had to do with mail-in ballots. Why is this such a touchy topic for Trump?

Trump says if we go to mail-in voting, Republicans will never get elected. Believe it or not, Donald Trump sometimes gets his facts wrong. It's not true—mail-in voting has favored Republicans over the years.

As my book notes, 16.7 million voters have been removed from the voter rolls; that's the official number. 16.7 million people will be waiting for their mail-in ballot, and it will not arrive. You can't mail in your ballot if it's never mailed to you! So who's mailing these ballots? Brian Kemp is going to mail ballots to Black people. Really?

The Republican Jim Crow functionaries of Ohio will not mail out ballots to people who have been on the purge lists—blacklists to wipe the voter rolls of Black and young voters. They're also not going to mail out ballots in Ohio and Georgia to hundreds of thousands of people on the so-called "inactive" voter list. That means they say you missed a couple of elections. Stacey Abrams couldn't mail in her ballot for Georgia's June 2020 primary since many return envelopes arrived presealed because of the heat. If you break open that seal, you've lost your vote.

You're going to ask for a ballot, but you're not going to get it. That's why you see those long lines in Wisconsin and Georgia, people who asked for ballots but didn't get them. In six states you have to have a notary public and witnesses for mail-in ballots. And various forms of ID. How are you going to get that in the middle of a pandemic and lockdown? Now we're asking the post office to handle tens of millions of ballots in November.

You know, to get a ballot, you have to mail in a card. Most people miss that postcard that's sent to them, or they don't know they have to do that or how to do that. You have to mail that in and your ballot, so it's two stamps.

Why does Trump get his panties in such a twist over voting by mail and absentee ballots?

I know everybody believes Trump is stupid, but he's the President and not because he's stupid. He knows what he's doing. What he's specifically said is Democratic changes to mail-in balloting will lock out Republicans. If we reform and fix the mail-in system, which is what we have to do, it will be harder for Republicans to win. Because when people vote, Republicans lose. Remember Paul Weyrich's famous statements [conservative founder of the American Legislative Exchange Council]: "The fewer people vote, the better off we are," and, "As a matter of fact, our [Republican] leverage in the elections, quite candidly, goes up as the voting populace goes down." That's how Republicans win elections.

A quote attributed to Stalin goes, "The people who cast the votes decide nothing. The people who count the votes decide everything."

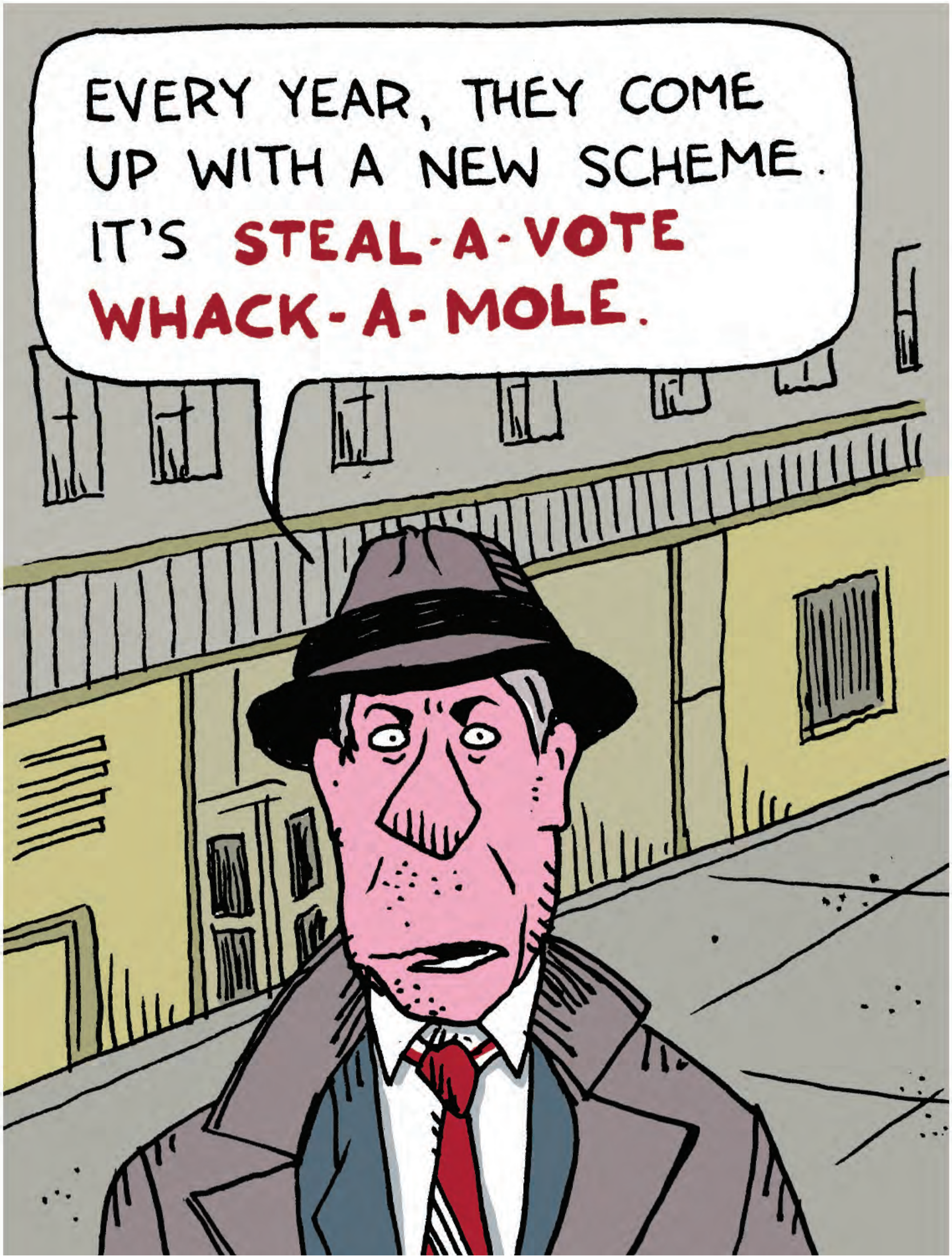
Stalin really, truly said that. Millions of mail-in ballots were not counted in the U.S. [in 2016]. Most people don't know what the fuck a provisional ballot is. It's a Black ballot—if you're white, you probably never saw one. Except in California, where Bernie voters got provisional ballots. Almost a million ballots rejected. Why? Because they're on a purge list, they wanted to vote and were told [at the polling station] they had to fill out a provisional ballot. They think they've voted, but they haven't.

From the very start of the Presidential election season, going back to February 3, there were massive problems with reporting the results of the Iowa Caucus. In April there were long lines of Wisconsin voters at the polling stations during the pandemic, and the same in June for Georgia's primary. What do these big problems portend for November's general election—assuming it takes place as scheduled?

You're wrong. There was no problem in Georgia—if you're a Republican, if you're Brian Kemp. It wasn't a *problem*; it was a *program*. This was the test run. Just like I said in the book, Donald Trump was reelected President on November 7, 2018. Because that's when they test-drove the new method of purging voters, of removing voters from the rolls. This time, they're given COVID and virus voting. I've been investigating in Georgia for seven years, for *Rolling Stone*, *Al Jazeera*, *The Guardian*, *Salon*. I've been investigating Kemp the scamp for seven years while he's pulled off one Jim Crow trick after another to make himself governor and to reelect Donald Trump as President.

There were lines of voters almost a quarter mile long. Thirty precincts in Atlanta—which is majority-Black, so that's your Democratic precincts—did not have voting machines [in June 2020]. I don't mean there were problems with the machines; I mean they never arrived. Are you telling me the state of Georgia did not know that tens of thousands of Black voters were going to show up at the polls and there was no machine to vote on? On top of that they were supposed to have paper ballots as backup and didn't. You know why? The reports were, "They weren't very prepared for this election." No, no, no. They were very prepared. This is exactly what they planned to happen: massive lines, people walking away, people unable to vote. >>

JOURNALIST GREG PALAST HAS SPENT MUCH OF HIS CAREER INVESTIGATING HOW POWERFUL INTERESTS CONTROLLED BY WEALTHY INDIVIDUALS MANIPULATE THE SYSTEM FROM BEHIND THE SCENES IN ORDER TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO STEAL YOUR VOTE.


EVERY YEAR, THEY COME UP WITH A NEW SCHEME. IT'S STEAL-A-VOTE WHACK-A-MOLE.

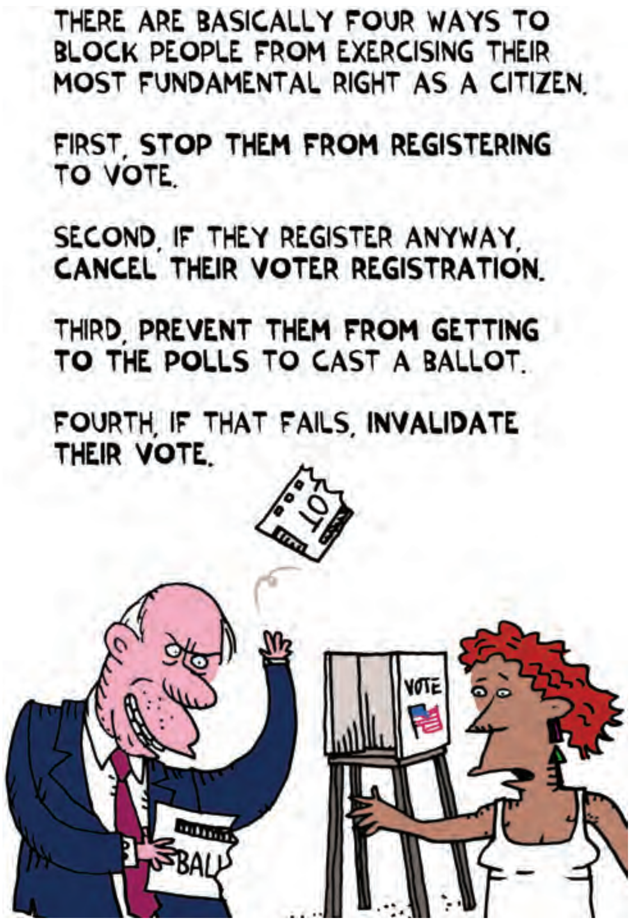
One reason why there were massive lines is that Brian Kemp, who as secretary of state was in charge [of Georgia's elections] removed over half a million voters from the voter rolls, so people asked for mail-in ballots and never got them. So they go and wait in line because they never got their ballots. They wanted to mail in their ballots, but they couldn't, so they had to wait in line. Then they get to the front of the line, after in some cases four hours' wait, and find out their name isn't on the voter roll; that's why they didn't get their ballot. Now they're told either to scram after hours in the sun and maybe picking up the virus, or they're told, "Here's a provisional ballot. And wipe your ass with it." Because it'll be thrown in the toilet—that's what it's worth.

Have you identified other methods of voter suppression?
The definition of voter suppression is fucking a Black person out of their vote.

Interstate Crosscheck is a phony game to find people who voted in two states, like Jose Garcia, as if there's only one Jose Garcia in the U.S.

Caging is sending a voter you don't like a letter knowing they're away—like a soldier overseas or student on vacation—[marked] "Do Not Forward," and when it gets returned, you challenge their right to vote. Go to Afghanistan, lose your right to vote. Mission accomplished.

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was gutted and stabbed in the heart by the Supreme Court in June 2013. It required that states with a history of Jim Crow have to get any changes in voting procedure approved by the federal government to make sure they aren't screwing Blacks out of their votes. That's all gone. These states can basically do whatever the fuck they want now; they can get away with murder.


THERE ARE BASICALLY FOUR WAYS TO BLOCK PEOPLE FROM EXERCISING THEIR MOST FUNDAMENTAL RIGHT AS A CITIZEN.
FIRST, STOP THEM FROM REGISTERING TO VOTE.
SECOND, IF THEY REGISTER ANYWAY, CANCEL THEIR VOTER REGISTRATION.
THIRD, PREVENT THEM FROM GETTING TO THE POLLS TO CAST A BALLOT.
FOURTH, IF THAT FAILS, INVALIDATE THEIR VOTE.
LOT
VOTE
BAL

So did the weakening of the Voting Rights Act open up the electoral shenanigans you allege in Georgia?
Careful—I don't *allege* anything. I have proven. The Palast investigative team, which is 15-strong, did a name-by-name analysis of every single person purged by the right wing in Georgia: 340,134 Georgia voters were wrongly removed from the voter rolls, including Martin Luther King's 92-year-old cousin. This could not have happened, except for the Supreme Court's destruction of the Voting Rights Act.

But just as important was another decision by this awful court in 2018 to say that the GOP can start scrubbing the voter rolls of people they say have moved from their voting location. Even though the voter didn't say he/she moved—*they* say the voters moved. So you can literally have some bureaucrat, using some completely funky, ridiculous method, which is what they did, because more than one third of a million people had never moved an inch from their registration place, yet they lost their right to vote because they supposedly moved. Of course, their real crime is voting while Black, Asian, Hispanic or young.

Who are other voter-suppression heavy hitters, besides Brian Kemp?
Kris Kobach of Kansas—just think KKK. He was the secretary of state of Kansas and Trump's vote thief-in-chief. He's the mastermind behind most of these new vote-thieving tricks, like Interstate Crosscheck. He also came up with the idea you have to prove you're a citizen to vote. The [main] proof of citizenship is a U.S. passport or your original birth certificate. In Kansas alone, 36,000 people were blocked from voting—they couldn't prove they were American citizens to Kobach's satisfaction—including two Air Force officers. Of course they were Black.

All these antifraud laws, from voter photo ID to registration, is for one single purpose: to prevent voter fraud, which does not happen. Trump made Kobach the official head of his so-called Vote Fraud Commission. It collapsed.

Tell us about Stacey Abrams.
I met Stacey Abrams back in 2014, before she was a national celebrity, and we had long discussions. She's obviously very intelligent, a Yale law grad. Incredibly well-informed, soft spoken, kind of academic—she's not your typical bombastic politician. She's very kind of low-key, quiet, super knowledgeable about issues and laws. And she is committed.

When I showed her the purge lists, I said, "According to the Republicans, these are people on this list—they're going to remove hundreds of thousands of Georgians [from the voter rolls]—these are people who have moved out of state, so of course, they shouldn't vote in Georgia." She'd never seen it. She said, "I'm shocked that they've never shown me this list, but they're required to by law," because Stacey Abrams was the minority leader of the Democrats in Georgia's House of Representatives.

She looked at the list and said, "Look at these names here." And she showed me that the documentation showed that people moved *into* Georgia. They lost their votes in Georgia by moving into Georgia. Who were these people denied the right to vote? We did an analysis of the race breakdown: Overwhelmingly, the chance that you are on a purge list in Georgia if you are Black—one in seven of Black folk are on the purge list, one in eight of Asian Americans; 75% vote Democratic. Suddenly, they are the target of voter suppression.

The choice of a running mate is among the most consequential in U.S. history, and leading up to the Democratic National Con-

vention, there was lots of talk about Stacey Abrams being the Vice Presidential candidate. [Note: This interview was conducted prior to the DNC.]
Let's have someone who believes in voting. How about that for a change? There's a chapter in my book called "Silence of the Democratic Lambs." I'm really tired of the Democratic Party taking Black and young voters for granted, like, "You guys have nowhere else to go. You're stuck with us." You see Democrats squirreling around about whether to defund police departments, which are basically slave patrol occupation armies. My issue is that Democrats do not stand up for the right to vote, and I'd like to see a Vice Presidential candidate who does that.

How many Democrats have been shafted by Jim Crow laws, white and Black, and have said nothing? Infamously, Al Gore grabbing his ankles in 2000. I'm the reporter back then who uncovered that George W. Bush became President because his brother Jeb, Florida's governor, had removed tens of thousands of Blacks from the voter rolls, calling them ex-cons, felons, criminals, not allowed to vote in Florida. Not a single one was an illegal felon voter. Al Gore didn't care about those Blacks who lost their votes, even though the theft of their right to vote cost him the Presidency. He would say nothing about defending Black voters. It's not like Gore wouldn't say anything about white voters, because he went to the Supreme Court to complain about the count involving hanging chads. That was white voters losing their vote, like in Palm Beach. He never ever mentioned Black voters. Does that make Al Gore racist? Absolutely.

> "I'M GOING TO STOP CALLING THIS JIM CROW. THIS IS THE GEORGE FLOYD SYSTEM OF VOTING IN AMERICA. THIS IS ABOUT GETTING YOUR KNEE OFF THE NECK OF THE VOTERS."

Stacey Abrams is the head of Fair Fight [a national voting rights advocacy initiative]. She's serious about looking into the specifics of voter suppression and fighting it. If it's not Stacey Abrams, I just want someone who really thinks American voters ought to choose the President this time. And if we have a Vice Presidential candidate who keeps making that an issue, I think that'd be terrific.

Describe mainstream media's coverage of these electoral issues.
Yeah, where is the lame stream media? Occasionally, mainstream media talks about voter suppression, but they don't take on the issue of race in America, in which the Black voter is deliberately, systematically smothered. And you won't get that on Rachel Maddow.

Assuming the November election takes place, if Trump loses, do you think he'll claim the vote was rigged due to mail-in ballots or some other ruse and then refuse to leave the White House?
That would be correct. This is exactly how it's going to work: All this talk about vote fraud by mail is an attempt to make sure Trump can claim massive vote fraud. Trump is going to lose Wisconsin—unless he can purge all these voters and block people from voting. Let's say Trump loses Wisconsin and Ohio. The result will be, their Republican legislatures will say there was so much fraud or such a clusterfuck breakdown in the whole electoral system, with 12-hour-long lines, things like that—they'll say, "The election couldn't be properly run, so we will not certify our electors." And Biden won't get a majority of electors because two or three states he won will not certify the vote.

Because the Democratic nominee won't have the required 270 Electoral College votes, it then goes to the House of Representatives. In the House, members vote as a state delegation—one state, one vote. New York, California and Illinois get the same vote each as South Dakota, Wyoming. Who is going to be President? A majority of states' delegations are Republican.

Democrats have most of the population, most members of Congress, but it doesn't matter; it will be one state, one vote. And Trump will be legally, constitutionally reelected.

We've had elections before in American history in which someone has lost the popular vote and become President. In 1824, when John Quincy Adams ran against Andrew Jackson; in 2000 Gore won by half a million votes; and in our last election, where Trump got crushed [losing the popular vote by 3 million ballots]. But we've also had elections where the candidate won the popular vote and the Electoral College and still hasn't become President. After the Civil War, in 1876, Democrat James Tilden beat Republican Rutherford B. Hayes [in the popular vote, although the outcome of the electoral votes was disputed], but Congress shifted 20 electoral votes to Hayes.

Do you think there could be a military coup in America?
No. Because the billionaires are more powerful than the generals. And the billionaires like Trump.

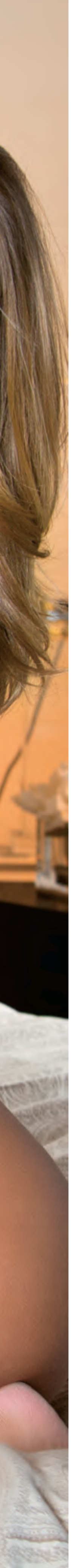
Last thoughts?
Today, one in 12 voters in America has lost their right to vote and don't know it. 16.7 million voters have been illegally removed in the past two years, according to the U.S. Election Assistance Commission. That number is growing as we speak. I'm going to stop calling this Jim Crow. This is the George Floyd system of voting in America. This is about getting your knee off the neck of the voters.

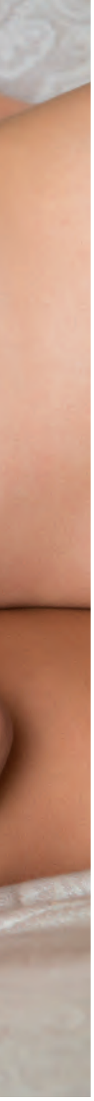
How Trump Stole 2020 *is available wherever books are sold. For more info on voter suppression, go to GregPalast.com and FairFight.com.*

SHYLA JENNINGS & KENNEDY LEIGH

KISS ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS





I fantasize about having a threesome with two men. There's just something exhilarating about group sex. For instance, my favorite sex ever? An all-girl orgy—it was so sexy to see all those curves and feel their inner beauty. I remember the first experience I ever had with a woman. I was at a party, and I saw this beautiful girl. By the end of the night we were making out. I can't remember who initiated things, but it was probably me. I *loooove* kissing!" **—Shyla**

One of my most embarrassing moments was when I was watching porn on my phone, and I couldn't hear anything. I kept turning up the volume, not realizing my phone was synced to the bed of the truck at my house. All my neighbors could hear the moans from a hot double-penetration! It was funny, but I also felt like I couldn't face them for a bit! I'm a fun-loving person, but in the bedroom, I'm generally traditional. My favorite position is missionary. I like to look in someone's eyes and feel a connection as they fuck me hard.” **—Kennedy**

SHYLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Helotes, Texas** | HEIGHT: **5-2** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-25-35**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **Scissoring with women, doggy with men**
TWITTER: **@ShylaJDotCom** |INSTAGRAM: **@LittleShyla**

KENNEDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Winona, Minnesota** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@KennedyLeighXXX**

PHOTO BY IMAGEBROKER/ALAMY

SEX IN LOCKDOWN

With the coronavirus pandemic forcing most of the country into self-isolation, it may feel like the world has ground to a halt, and, well, it pretty much has. But even a global crisis cannot crush the human sexual urge. And while social-distancing rules might be in place, our readers are using their downtime to get down and dirty. Read on…

PEGGING FOR MERCY

It has been two full weeks since Governor Gavin Newsom issued the stay-at-home order for California, 14 long days of lockdown in a 600-square-foot apartment with my husband and two fat black cats. A week ago the beaches, trails and canals closed, effectively forcing us indoors for the duration…

Work from home disintegrated into furloughs within a week, and we quickly fell into a routine: ordering groceries, washing groceries, reviewing COVID stats and maps and drinking. Then more drinking. TV and board games quickly lost their appeal—yes, even Splendor—and if I had to listen to even one more cute YouTube animal video, I knew I was going to go stark raving mad!

Then it hit me—it had been *two full* weeks of just Rick and me, self-isolating. The likelihood of either one of us actually having the virus was by now minimal. And it had been two full weeks, 14 days, since we'd rumpled those bedsheets in any meaningful way. Now we had all the time in the world—no waking up at six and rushing to work, only to return at seven, exhausted—hell, we could fuck anytime we damn well pleased. We could fuck all day! And maybe should fuck all day, if only for the stress release. Finally, a silver lining to this hell!

Determined to seduce him, I wracked my brain for every detail of every fantasy the hubby had ever revealed. Stream of consciousness, it went something like this—trashy horror movie starlets, Larkin Poe, golden showers, Joan Jett, pegging, Hannah Ford, deep-throating blowjobs… It didn't take long for a theme to surface: superhot talented musicians and superhot sex.

Step 1, I created a playlist of rocking faves. Step 2, I dressed the part: denim and leather, lots of black mascara. I dug his Les Paul guitar out from the back of the closet and strapped it on. It hung low on my hips, something I always found sexy as hell on women onstage. I hit play on our stereo and walked into the living room, where Rick was—you guessed it—watching YouTube vids.

I had learned enough guitar to play maybe three chords, E, A and B, but I figured that would get me far enough. Halfway into the first tune I lost the guitar and my soft leather shirt. The hubby turned the TV off. The second song had barely started before Rick was out of his chair, kissing me hard. It was when he pulled me tight against him that he felt the strap-on in my jeans. That surprised him all right. I had bought it online the night of our second anniversary. We'd gotten sloppy drunk on Jameson and played true confessions. I admitted to a sincere fondness for spanking, and Rick told me about his pegging fantasy. But by the time the toy arrived in the mail, well, I don't know, I guess I was embarrassed to open it…till tonight.

Rick's surprise turned into a big smile as he stripped off my jeans. He was out of his clothes a minute later and spreading the throw blanket from the couch on the floor. I made a mad dash into the kitchen for a bottle of olive oil. The cats looked scared and ran out of the room.

Foreplay involved lots of kissing, sucking and nibbling. We took turns tugging on the other's nipples with our teeth. When we were both breathing hard, I leaned back and let him watch me grease my dick, slowly, jacking up and down the six-inch shaft. The man was mesmerized.

As I moved behind Rick, I heard him gasp. I could tell he was super excited, but nervous too, so I started with just my fingers. Lubing them up with spit, I pushed first one, then the other into his chute—in, out and around. This was turning me on more than I ever dreamed it would, until it was me who couldn't wait another second. I finally pressed my fuckstick to his ring and pushed slowly forward.

When my skin touched his, I reached around and began stroking his fat—oh, my God, it was hard—prick. The rhythm started out slow and sweet, fisting him down to the base as I pressed forward, squeezing up to his crown as I pulled back.

The edge of the strap-on base rubbed against my swollen clit, and my hips were soon moving faster, till I was truly fucking my husband, jamming my cock full-length into his ass with every lunge. He was moaning, "Fuck, fuck, fuck," and I knew he was close. I was close! An intense, delicious warmth surged through me just seconds before he began spraying. And Rick collapsed onto the blanket with me on top of him.

We stayed like that for a minute, catching our breath, till my cell phone beeped and snapped us out of our reverie: a text alert that our Instacart delivery had left the grocery store and was ten minutes out. We quickly pulled on our clothes, smiling, and lined up the rubbing alcohol and antibacterial dish soap…

—C.C. Dunbar

FUCK THE ONE YOU'RE WITH

I live in Florida, and yes, our governor is an idiot. While the rest of the world is sheltering in place and the death toll in the U.S. rises by thousands every day, what does our genius Trumper do? Give the green light to open the beaches!

Literally droves of ignorant dinks flooded to the sand—to surf, swim, drink and holler. Not me and Izzy. We live one and half blocks from Jacksonville Beach, and we could hear the car horns outside our window, celebrating insipidness. But on this day, when everyone else was acting insane, we were downing shots of tequila and making love for the very first time.

Izzy and me are roommates, both seniors at UNF. I'd only moved in at the end of February, so like two months ago. Prior to today, I'd had four sex partners—I'm a 23-year-old woman—and three of them had been male.

When COVID hit, we were thrust into close proximity. Instead of passing each other in the hall or the kitchen, on our way to school, we were passing each other umpteen times a day. I started noticing how beautiful Izzy was: her amber eyes and white-blond hair, her tight athletic build. Her quirky creativity. We both leaned left politically, and we both loved sappy dance movies. When we heard about our stupid mayor's response to the governor's prompt, we made a pact to stay put, to stay safe. We sealed that deal with a bottle of Patrón, delivered.

Three shots in, we wrote "IDIOTS" in bold black magic marker on whatever scraps of paper we could find and taped them to the windows facing the street. Six shots in, we were telling each other literally everything and collapsing in giggles. Izzy admitted she had never, ever been with a man, and though I tried to play that off lightly, I was superintrigued. My eyes fell to the curve of her breasts, and I noticed the way her fat nipples pushed against her top in a relief map of desire.

We were sitting on her plush, gold, '50s-style couch, and with each tequila shot, we had moved closer. Our knees were touching now, sweatpant to sweatpant—because who wore fucking regular clothes anymore. Eight shots in, I told her about my freshman-year fling with an older woman, and Izzy stripped off her shirt. She had perfect breasts, firm Bs with pencil-eraser nipples. I actually drooled as I bent my head to suck one between my lips.

Everything that followed came pretty easy. We quickly stripped off the rest of our clothes, and from that point on we didn't say much besides, "Harder!" "Faster!" "Oh, yes, right there!" and "*Fuuuck!*" Surprisingly, it wasn't awkward. But when Izzy went down on me, it quickly became clear that I had never been with anyone who knew how to lick pussy before. She teased and tortured my clit—licked circles all around it, slapped it with her tongue. She nibbled my labes and tugged my pubic hair with her teeth, clearly pleased that I had quit shaving. Breathing my scent in deeply, she moaned.

I had never particularly liked 69s—too much to focus on at once—but this seemed like a good time to give it another go. So I lay back on the couch and pulled Izzy's slender hips over my head. Her quim looked, well, incredible, pinker than mine, with petal lips and a longer clit too. We quickly fell into a rhythm: She tongued my slit while I worked hers. Then we nursed on each other's clitty trigger.

I have no idea how long we were cuntlicking/dicking and clit->>

sucking. I do know that Izzy kept getting wetter—her jizz was delicious—and I could feel my come building. When she pushed her fingers in and found my G spot, that was it. My thighs started trembling. I closed my eyes to see lights, and it was like my whole being was centered in my quim. Grabbing her buttocks, I pulled her pussy tight against my mouth and didn't let go until she was climaxing with me. Her juices literally streamed! At the end, I think I tasted Izzy's urine—and I liked it! Quick mental note for next time.

We were a little breathless after that. We cuddled and kissed, and it was definitely sexy tasting myself on her lips. Then we downed a couple more shots and watched *Silver Linings Playbook*—my favorite dance flick—yet again, for like the ninth time.

I know this might sound super-strange, but now I'm actually looking forward to a couple more weeks of this shelter-at-home quarantine. There's a risk fucking your roommate, for sure. I mean, what if we fall out of lust or worse and I need to scram quickly? But somehow that risk seems kind of small when she's licking my clit and I'm arching my back in ecstasy.

—Anna Robertson

STRIPPING FOR HARRY

My husband is a hero. For more than two months now, Harry has been working on the frontlines of the war against COVID. No, he's not a doctor or a nurse or even a cop. He's a janitor at the local hospital, and every day he cleans and disinfects their intensive care unit—against my wishes. Every day he puts his own health at risk to protect patients and workers. Like I said, a hero.

Harry no longer lives in the house with me. Instead, when he gets home, he talks to me through the big family room window on his way to the workshop out back, his home for now. Early on he said there was no way he was going to chance harming me, and that was that: "End of discussion." He already had a hot plate and fridge back there for his poker games, and a couple Home Depot deliveries later he had himself an outdoor shower. My man is handy like that.

Anyway, until last weekend, we simply pressed our palms and our lips together through the glass. I ignored the impulse to run out into the backyard and take him in my arms. Then I ate alone, watched anything but the news and turned in to my empty king-size bed.

Increasingly I lay there thinking about Harry's cock. Not especially long, but especially thick, it filled me up just right. In the middle of the night I woke up aching for his touch. I could tell Harry was getting desperate too, the way his gaze fell to my breasts as we talked through the window. So I decided it was high time both of us got a little relief. The next day, Saturday, my Harry worked a short day. Instead of his now-usual 12 hours, he got off at noon, and I was waiting for him.

I was wearing an old outfit from my college days. My sophomore and junior years, I'd stripped my way through school at a local dive. I didn't mind it actually—lots of money for not a lot of time. And I discovered that I'm an exhibitionist. I got off on shaking my ass onstage. Harry knew all about it. In fact, in the past, if we were fucking and I wanted him to come in a hurry, I'd start talking about my dancing days—about strangers pushing money under my G string and licking my cleavage.

This particular outfit had always been my favorite. It was all black—lace-top stockings, a barely there G-string and, yes, even pasties with tassels. I used to be able to get those long silk strands swirling in opposite directions onstage, and I practiced in the mirror a minute before taking my place at the family room window.

I heard Harry's car in the driveway, and a minute later he rounded the corner of the house, looking dejected and tired. All that changed when he saw me. I hit go on the stereo remote. Prince blasted from the

speakers as my hips started to grind in slow circles. I saw my husband's pants visibly tighten. Yup, I still had it.

My hands caressed my strong thighs, big butt, flat stomach until finally they were cupping my breasts. I leaned forward and pressed them together to show Harry some mile-long cleavage. Then I straightened back up and set my tassels to twirling. His eyes went wide, and his hand found his bulge.

No stripper pole, but that was okay. I shimmied my way around the room, made use of a lamp stand and a barstool and worked the floor. I couldn't quite do the splits anymore, but damn near. Moving onto my back, I humped the air and teased that G-string down my thighs and off. It flooded over me again, that feeling of showing my body to an audience. God, I loved it. And here I was, in a club without rules. I could do anything I wanted except fuck him. Hell, I could definitely masturbate.

I moved the stool over to the window, directly in front of Harry, and lifted my left foot up onto it. I knew what kind of view that would give him. His pants were open now, his hand was inside, and he was stroking. A line of drool ran down his chin as my fingers spread my pussy flaps to show pink. My clit was already swollen hard and supersensitive. I flicked it with my fingernail and jacked it like a tiny cock. Harry moaned.

Then I pushed two fingers deep into my quim. Our backyard is fairly open to the neighbors, but by now dear hubby was beyond caring as he tugged down his pants and undies and I caught sight of that magnificent cock. Now I was the one moaning.

We fell into a rhythm, my fingers stroking in and out in time with his fist jacking up and down. He climaxed first, but the second I saw him spray, I was coming too. So good, my juices streamed down my thighs.

We smiled, ended things by kissing through the window, and I knew we both felt better. So much so that I'm already thinking about my outfit for next weekend.

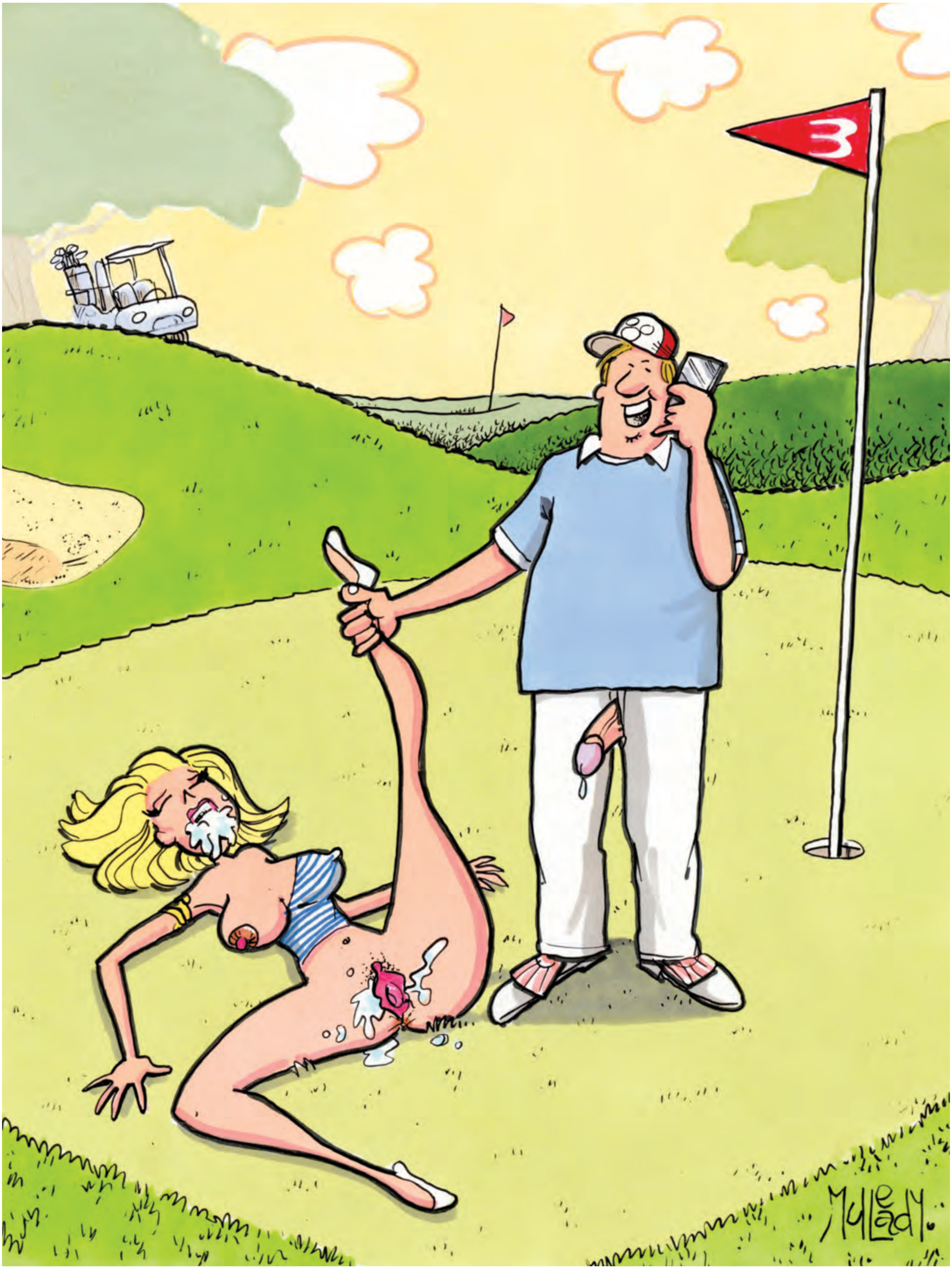
—Fran Nichols

NAOMI
BLUE

EXTREME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

With men, I'm naturally submissive. I enjoy rough sex. A lot. I like getting tied up, and if a guy just lightly spanks my face, I feel disappointed. I watch a lot of porn, and what gets me off is watching my darkest fantasies come true. I seek gangbangs, blowbangs and really kinky stuff that would make most people blush. I can't help it. My desires are extreme! Off-camera I watch TV shows like *Riverdale*. I write music and poetry. I'm a relaxed stoner who tends to go with the flow. But even though I'm chill, that doesn't mean I'm not up for adventure. One of the wildest things I've ever done is sneak into a high school football stadium in the dead of winter and fuck on the field. The thrill of getting caught made my pussy so wet."



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JADE BAKER

MY SECRET LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Growing up, I was very quiet and creative. I loved the idea of having a 'secret life,' like a place to go ride my bike to that no one knew about, and that's where I would thrive creatively. That definitely has translated to how I feel in the adult industry. Jade is my adult 'secret place,' where I can act how I feel and express my sexuality.

"My favorite flowers are roses, I am a huge jazz fan, and when I was little, I wanted to be Britney Spears when I grew up. I love curry and ramen and almost anything spicy—and following pretty girls on Instagram. True confession: I want to get fucked in my sleep so badly, but every time I try, I wake up grumpy and angrily shoo my lover away. It's actually kind of funny."

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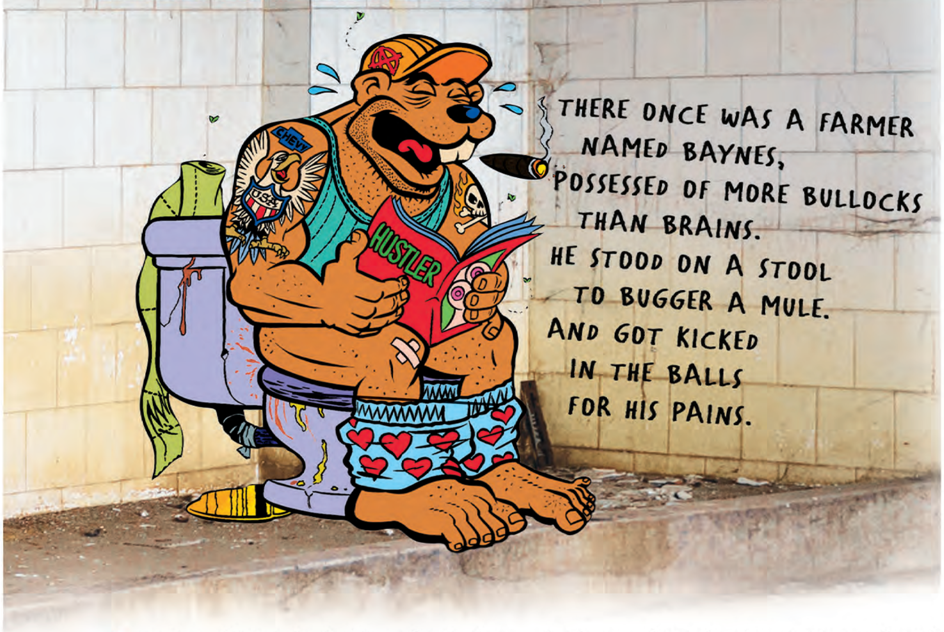
JADE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **32DD-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@JadeBakerXX** | INSTAGRAM: **@XOJadeBaker**



A senior citizen took his wife to be tested. Two days later he got a call from the doctor. "I'm sorry to inform you that your wife's test results were mixed up with another patient's," the doctor said. "We're not sure if she has COVID-19 or Alzheimer's disease."

"So what am I supposed to do?" the geezer asked.

"Take your wife for a long walk and leave her," the doctor advised. "If she finds her way home, don't open the door."

While shooting the shit, a young man told his new friend, "I think my wife is cheating on me."

"What gave you that idea?" the other guy asked.

"We moved from New York to L.A. and still have the same deliver boy."

A married man stepped into a confessional booth one Saturday afternoon. "Father, it has been a month since my last confession," he admitted, "and I had sex with Nookie Green twice since then."

The priest told the sinner, "You are forgiven. Go and say three Hail Marys."

A few minutes later another married guy entered the confessional. "Father, it has been two months since my last confession. I've had sex with Nookie Green twice a week for the past two months."

"Who, my son, is this Nookie Green?" the priest inquired.

"A new woman in the neighborhood," the sinner replied.

"Very well," the priest sighed. "Go and say ten Hail Marys."

At Mass the next morning, as the priest prepared to deliver his sermon, a tall, voluptuous, drop-dead-gorgeous redhead entered the sanctuary. The eyes of every male in the church fell upon her as she sashayed up the aisle and sat down right in front of the priest. Her dress was emerald green and very short, and she wore shiny, emerald green shoes.

The priest and altar boy gasped as the beauty sat down, her legs spread slightly apart, but just enough to reveal that she wasn't wearing panties. Turning to the altar boy, the priest whispered, "Is that Nookie Green?"

The altar boy couldn't believe his ears, but managed to whisper, "No, Father. I think it's just a reflection from her shoes."

Question: What do you call a nanny with breast implants?

Answer: A faux pair.

Chet went to his doctor's office to get a double dose of Viagra, but the doc told him that he couldn't allow a double dose. "Why not?" Chet snarled.

"Because it's not safe," the doctor cautioned.

"But I need it really bad," Chet insisted.

"Why do you need a double dose so badly?" the doctor wanted to know.

"My girlfriend is coming into town on Friday," Chet explained, "my ex-wife is coming home on Saturday, and my wife is coming home on Sunday. Can't you see? I must have a double dose."

Finally relenting, the doctor said, "Okay, I'll give it to you, but you have to come in on Monday morning so I can check to see if there were any side effects."

On Monday morning, Chet—his right arm in a sling—dragged himself back to the doctor's office. "What happened to you?" the doc wondered.

Chet exclaimed, "No one showed up!"

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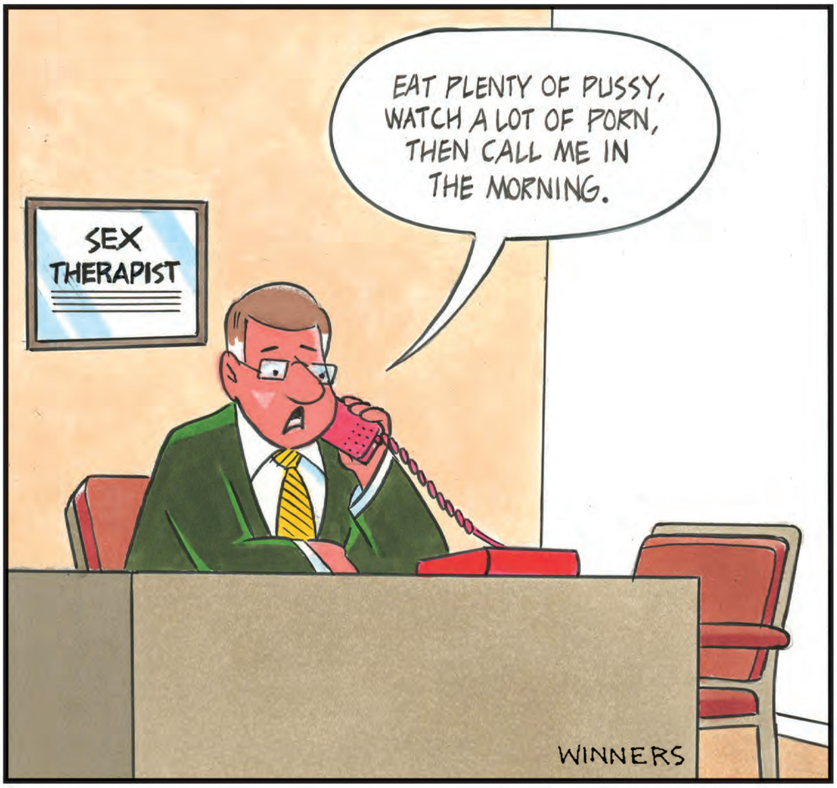
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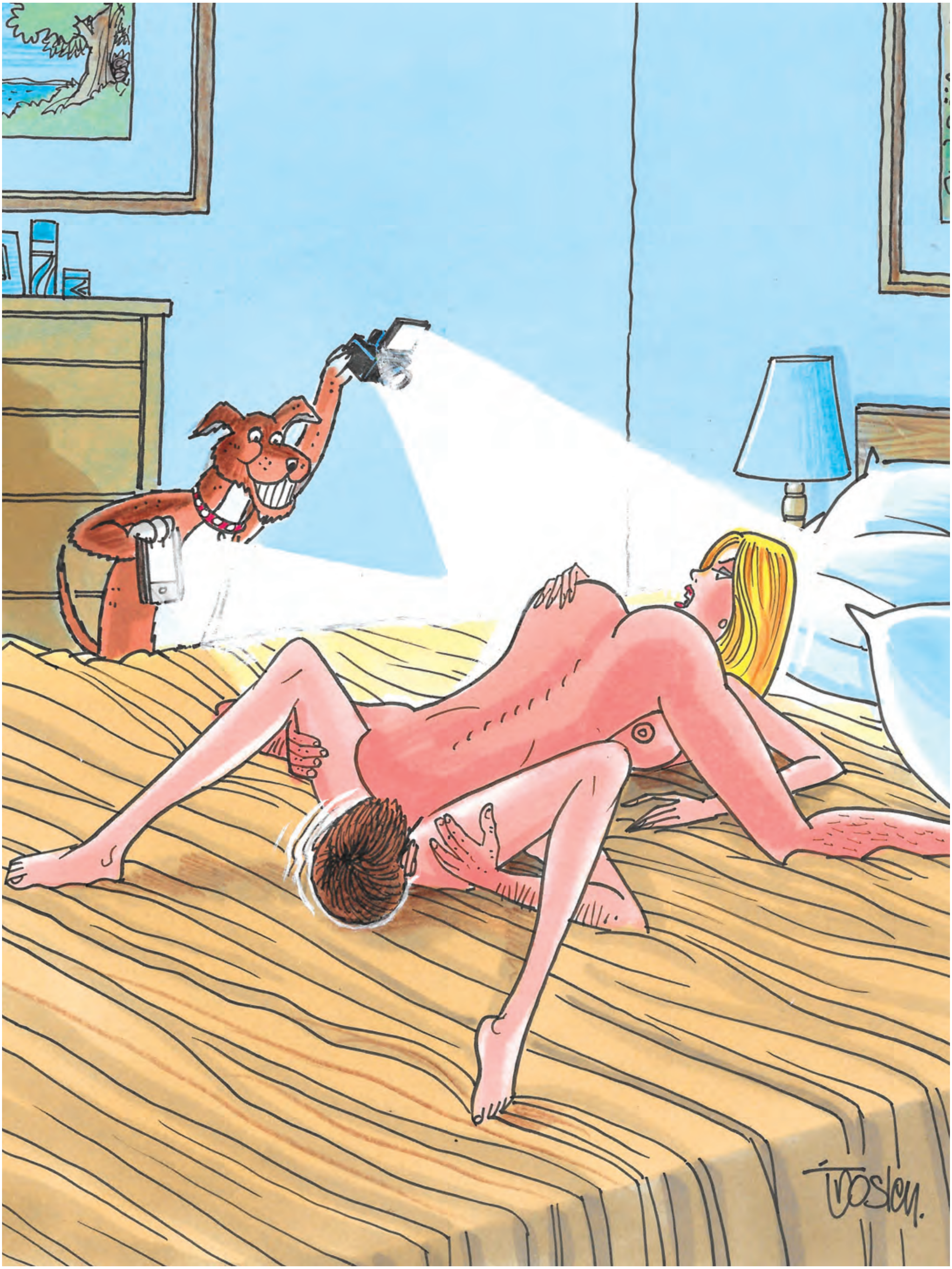
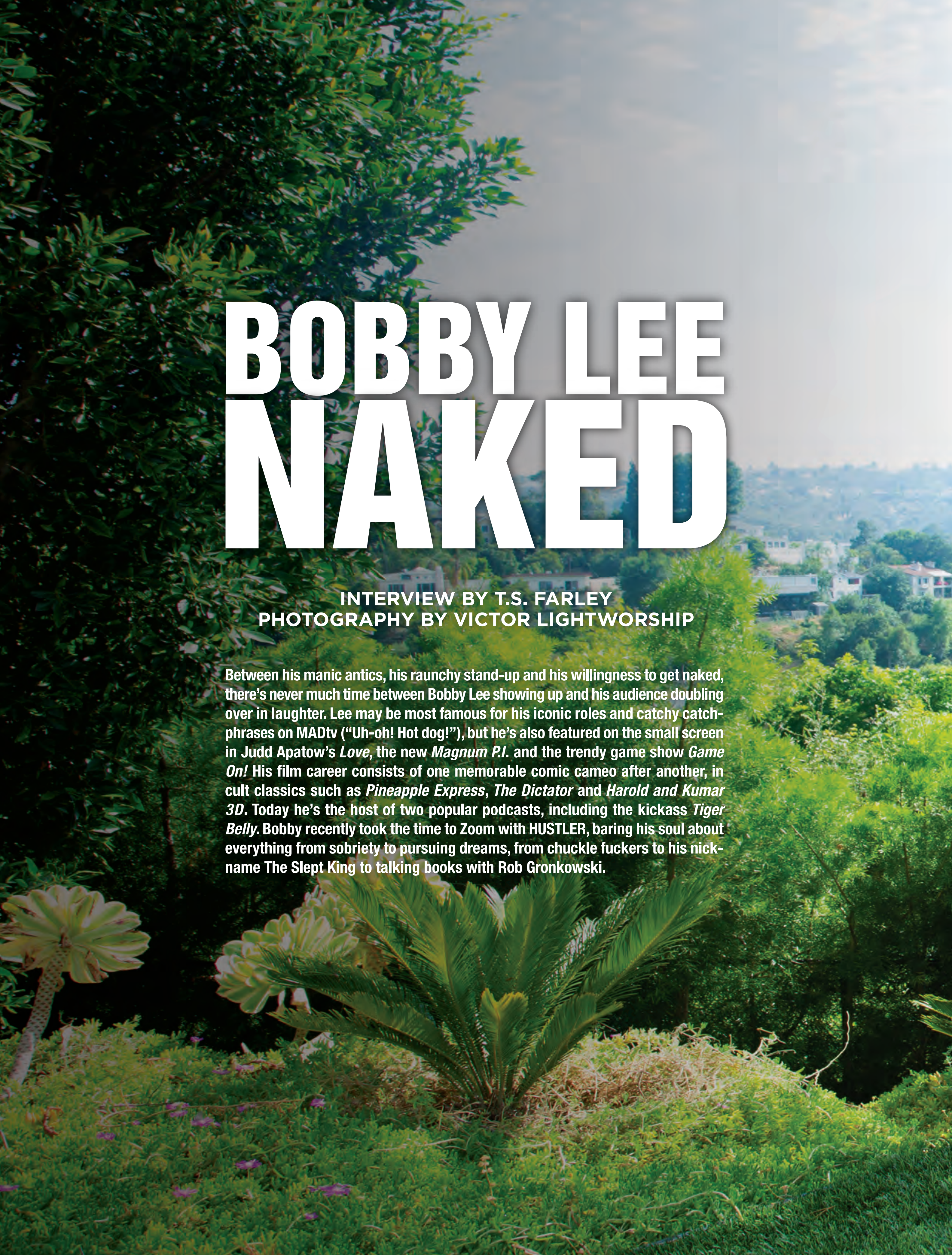


“Sometimes I’m really sorry we got a watchdog.”



BOBBY LEE NAKED

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

Between his manic antics, his raunchy stand-up and his willingness to get naked, there's never much time between Bobby Lee showing up and his audience doubling over in laughter. Lee may be most famous for his iconic roles and catchy catchphrases on MADtv ("Uh-oh! Hot dog!"), but he's also featured on the small screen in Judd Apatow's *Love*, the new *Magnum P.I.* and the trendy game show *Game On!* His film career consists of one memorable comic cameo after another, in cult classics such as *Pineapple Express*, *The Dictator* and *Harold and Kumar 3D*. Today he's the host of two popular podcasts, including the kickass *Tiger Belly*. Bobby recently took the time to Zoom with HUSTLER, baring his soul about everything from sobriety to pursuing dreams, from chuckle fuckers to his nickname The Slept King to talking books with Rob Gronkowski.

HUSTLER: Bobby Lee, I don't want to start this off on the wrong foot, but is there any truth to the rumor that you are a Ping-Pong enthusiast?
BOBBY LEE: *Hahaha!* It's not like ethnically I'm drawn to Ping-Pong. It doesn't call my name. But I'm a small guy, and I can't hold a tennis racket. Really, I can't. So Ping-Pong is it for me. I can hold the racket, the ball's not heavy, and I'm quick too! When you're small, you're quick, right? So it's a perfect sport for me. I grew up playing it with my family, but I'm still no Judah Friedlander, man. Seriously, there are a couple of comics who are masters, like Judah and Frank Caliendo, but I have to admit, I beat Paul Banks, the lead singer of Interpol. He's a white guy, kind of ripped, but when I beat him, my friend, it was like a victory over rock and roll. It was like comedy versus rock and roll, and I put the comedy world on my shoulders, and I beat that little fucker three games to two. I destroyed him, man!

Did that result in any groupie action for you?
Nah, I'm in a relationship, and I don't cheat on my girlfriend. But, dude, if I didn't have a girlfriend, I would have had loads of Chinese chicks up in my shit, you know what I mean? It would've been the best.

I interviewed Judah Friedlander a couple years back. Have you ever played him?
Judah has a weird thing with me, 'cause I think he thinks I'm gay. Look, I'm very touchy-feely, but because of the Me Too movement, I'm not touchy-feely toward women. But I like hugging guys for like an extra three seconds, right? I like sneaking up behind guys and holding their hands. I think of those as sneak attacks, which I learned from Pearl Harbor. Haha! But when I run into Judah now, he'll always take four steps back and go through what looks like a thought process thing, and then I'll see him realize it's fine. It's almost as if he's running into a hyena or something. I don't know if you've seen a real hyena before, but when you do, you generally take four steps back to assess the situation.

Good to know. Did I also see that you used to be a break-dancer?
Sure, back in the '80s break dancing was hot, so you'd get the parachute pants, the Cavariccis; you'd get a mat or a cardboard box and go for it. So I would try, I would break-dance, but was I good? No. It was like if you took a bao bun and spun it on the fucking ground, that's what I look liked. You know what I mean, just a doughy thing spinning there.

I assume from your name that you're a direct descendant of Robert E. Lee?
I did 23andMe, and I'm not. But when I got the results back, I literally cried. I was heartbroken because I thought there was some sort of connection between me and him, even though he's white and I'm Korean. But then I googled him, and I was relieved, like, *Oh, shit*, because even if he was my great, great, great grandfather, it would've been some Luke Skywalker/Darth Vader shit.

You're enjoying a great run on the TV show *Game On!*, but do you think Rob Gronkowski is out of his mind?
The honest truth is that I didn't even know who he was before I met him, because I don't know anything about sports. And when I met him, I thought he had gigantism because I'd never met anyone with gigantism, so I went up to him not as if he was an athlete, but like he was some mythical creature. Like in *Lord of the Rings*, when the hobbits first met the tree creatures, one of the Hobbits—I think it was Merry—climbed a tree, and then the tree opened its eyes, all startled. That was basically my interaction with Gronk. Then, when I started working with him, I found out he was a football player, and I've always been scared of athletes and bullies. In high school the jocks always bullied us incels—oh, yes, I'm an incel!—but with Gronk I'd never met such a nice jock. Gronk would carry me around the set on his shoulders or pet my head—he really would—and I was fine with it because I knew what his intentions were. But he has never read a book! He told me that. One day we were talking about our families, and out of nowhere he goes, "You know, I've never read a book." I said, "I already knew that just by talking to you."

Between you and Gronk being on there, it's a show I can definitely watch.
Can I just tell you what went on then? Five days before *Game On!* started taping, my dad died. I'd had 17 years of sobriety, but when he died, I had a relapse. Right, so now when I'm doing *Game On!*, I was mourning my dad and I was completely high, right? I have six months of sobriety today, and I've dealt with his death, but I'll be honest with you, my biggest fear when *Game On!* finally aired was that I didn't remember what happened. I had flashes of it, but I didn't really remember a lot because we shot eight episodes in two weeks. That may not seem like a lot, but when you're mourning and you're there all day long, doing these exercises and meeting these elite athletes, and you're relapsing after so long, it was kind of a nightmare. I loved everyone I worked with, but there were some reservations when it was about to come out, because I didn't know what the fuck I said or what the fuck I did. Then, when it aired, it was a complete relief! I watched it and thought, *Aah!* I knew I was a little fucked up, but I was still able to perform.

Wow, you didn't seem all that different to me.
Well, thank you, but now, if the show comes back for a second season, I'll be ready. I'm doing yoga, and I'm on the Peloton a lot, because before this, seriously, I hadn't run in 22 years. I'd never done a pull-up in my life. But now I'm running and jumping rope because if it comes back, I'll be at least a little more prepared for it all. Last season I was doing Jiujitsu with Rhonda Rousey; I was hanging out with Gronk and Landon Donovan. It was surreal. I don't know if you saw this one, but in one episode I wrestled a sumo wrestler on national TV! When I was doing open mics in the '90s, I never thought I would be on a national show with elite athletes, *huge* stars. Venus Williams! There's a life lesson in there, I think, which is when you take a risk in life and pursue your dreams to live a big life, to live fearlessly, there are doors that are going to open that you might not even know are there. I mean, I dreamt of being an action star or whatever, and that didn't happen, but other things even more magical did.

Talking about magical, I really enjoyed your one line in *The Wrong Missy*.
Oh, God! Let me tell you what happened! So David Spade calls me and goes, "Buddy, can you do one line in a movie?" I thought, *One line?* He goes, "Buddy, you got to help me out here." I go, "Where is it?" and he says, "Hawaii." *Hawaii?! I'm not gonna go to fucking Hawaii for one line!* But of that generation of comedians I find Spade to be the kindest guy, so generous, so I said, "Yes, I'll go to Hawaii to do one line." Then, when I show up to film, I'm a hotel clerk, and it was a difficult day, be-

cause everyone in the movie was my friend and had done my podcast, so I was really depressed because I only had one line. Like I started looking inward, like, *Why did I do this? I'm such a loser!* But here's what happened: The day I shot my scene, I went to a bar after to eat, and I was really depressed, but then this Asian guy sat right next to me. He kept staring at me, this Asian guy, so I looked over and said, "What's up, dude?" 'Cause he was giving me fuck eyes, I thought! He goes, "Hey, I produce a show called *Magnum P.I.* I wanna write you something," and since then I've done four episodes of *Magnum P.I.* in a row.

> **"WHEN YOU TAKE A RISK IN LIFE AND PURSUE YOUR DREAMS TO LIVE A BIG LIFE, TO LIVE FEARLESSLY, THERE ARE DOORS THAT ARE GOING TO OPEN."**

I swear in some of them I have every line! This producer would write episodes with really just me in it; he really took care of me. And because of that I was since able to sell a show to CBS Studio! So what I'm telling you is that it's all connected. When you do a favor for a friend, just to help a friend out, sometimes it just works out. That worked out for me, and now *Magnum P.I.* is coming back, and I'm doing five or six more episodes, I'm pitching CBS Studio my Korean sitcom, you know? It all kind of works out.

So in a situation where you are just "helping a friend," do you still get paid, or >>

do you do it for free?
No, no, no. Even one line, you gotta pay Bobby Lee! Ha! I don't give a fuck!

I've seen you do some wonderful—and raunchy!—stand-up comedy, but how would you describe your comic philosophy? I'm going with madcap and half-naked.
Yup! Madcap and half-naked, very astute! But I have to say beyond that, I've always tried to be authentic. Madcap and half-naked isn't something I write; it's just who I am. Like I found a photo of me when I was 12 years old, completely naked, walking down the middle of a street. Just to shock people! In retrospect I think about the zany things I would do growing up—not Jackassy, I wouldn't light myself on fire—but it was that sort of tone, to shock. I was raised watching stand-up, and I always gravitated to Sam Kinison and Andrew Dice Clay. That was the sort of thing that I watched growing up, edgy or visceral—the comics who sweated! I never really responded to the Dennis Millers who just stood there and told jokes. I responded to edgy, like Bill Hicks. My comedy has gotten better, and I do all the elite rooms now. In L.A. I get the prime spots, and I go up every night, like a Comedy Store lineup will be Chris Rock, me, Dave Chappelle, those types of names.

> “MADCAP AND HALF-NAKED ISN'T SOMETHING I WRITE; IT'S JUST WHO I AM.”

Chris Rock, you and Dave Chappelle. Really?
You don't believe me?

I love you, Bobby. I'm a huge fan, but you don't have to lie to me, man!
I can show you a lineup! From my Instagram, I'll read you a lineup [Bobby scrolls through his Instagram account, scrolls and scrolls, as crickets chirp and time passes.] Just give me a second! Wait, here it is: Bill Burr, Marc Maron, David Spade, Anthony Jeselnik, Iliza Shlesinger, Bobby Lee… See what I mean?

Sure, Bobby, whatever you say!
It's true, man!

Kidding! I heard this term from Brad Williams, but tell me about the comedy groupies known as *chuckle fuckers*?
Nah, I don't do chuckle fuckers. The one time I did, I didn't know she was a chuckle fucker! We were kind of dating, and one night we were lying in bed, and I said, “Am I the first comic you've been with?” She goes, “No,” and I go,“Who?” I thought it was going to be one or two guys, but I'm not kidding, it was 42 guys, all friends of mine. After she told me that, I just couldn't be with her anymore. I've always been a long-term-relationship guy. I'll come offstage sometimes now, and some girl will be like, “Come in the bathroom, and I'll blow you real quick.” As a guy, you wanna go, “Okay!” That's your gut instinct, right? Sounds fun? But I just have certain ethics and have always been in relationships, and I don't want to live dishonestly. So now I just try not to meet the audiences after a show, haha, just so I'm not tempted.

So you don't have to reject the free fellatio?
Exactly! Seriously though, when I was 23 years old I never really got girls. A couple times I paid for them, you know, but I'd never really gotten a real girl. That why I say I'm an incel! I was a waiter at a restaurant, I worked at a coffee shop as well, and I just thought, *I have got to change all this.* Then I walked by the Comedy Story in San Diego and saw a “Help Wanted” sign. I didn't want to work at a comedy club, but I thought, *Maybe I should try this.* So I started working there as an amateur comic, and one night I got to open for Pauly Shore. This was in 1995. I was just a doorman, but I got to do five minutes before him, and afterward this beautiful lady came up to me and said, “Hey, do you want to meet my vagina?” And I go, “Yeah, why not?” To be honest with you, my prime motive at the time was to meet women, but then once I was able to get a real girlfriend, that was enough for me. To go from zero to one was good enough for me—I didn't need to go from zero to a thousand.

I'm fiftysomething, so I don't necessarily get podcasts, but you're the host of *two* of them?
Tiger Belly and *Bad Friends*, yes.

Why does a man need two podcasts?
You have to understand, I've done *Tiger Belly* for four or five years now, but for the first two or three years we made *no* money. So me, the engineer, my girlfriend and the producer sat down, and I said, “If we ever start making money with this, I'll just split it four ways.” Let's be honest, the reason we get most of the audience is because of me, but I didn't want to break up the Beatles, right? I just know things can get weird once money is involved, so instead of restructuring it financially, I just decided to start another one, to make some money with my friend Andrew Santino. We work well together. We fight a lot, and he's really bossy, but it's fun.

Andrew was on that Showtime show *I'm Dying Up Here*, right? I don't know much about him, but I know I hated his character on that show, so I feel like maybe I'd hate Andrew a little bit too?
Haha! There's a little bit of that in Andrew, yes, but he has some good qualities too. I mean, he's got a dog.

Okay, so to summarize, the real reason behind starting *Bad Friends* was to keep more of the money you were making?
Yes, essentially that, but also the tone is different. *Tiger Belly* feels like I'm talking more to Asians and ethnic people, and that's kind of the base of it, but *Bad Friends* is more comedy content, for comedy fans. I talk more racially on *Tiger Belly*. I like making fun of Asians and saying crazy things about ethnicity, so that's a safe spot for me, but *Bad Friends* is more just fucking around with a friend.

***Tiger Belly* isn't necessarily funny?**
No, no. Sometimes we'll do an episode that has zero laughs in it. I think that's what I love about it, because as a stand-up they say you should get a laugh every 30 seconds onstage, but to me that's like you're tweaking. You're tweaking your philosophy to write jokes. So what I love about *Tiger Belly* is that I'm not just a comic. I'm a human being who has things to say, and not all of it is funny. Most of it isn't really. >>

In the beginning I had this fear, like, *Is this going to work? Are people going to want to listen to this?* But as it turns out, the reason I've had an uptick in my career is because people know me on another level, instead of just being a goofy fucking Asian guy.

We've done hundreds of episodes of *Tiger Belly*, and I've had very elite comedians come to my house to do the podcast: Andrew Dice Clay, Tiffany Haddish, Awkwafina. I've had Eric Stonestreet of *Modern Family* on three or four times, and Paul Banks of Interpol, Dave Navarro, UFC fighters like Michael Bisping. They're all friends of mine, and it's just a good place to hang out with your friends, but I tell you, *Tiger Belly* saved me, man.

How so?

Well, it saved my career. It helped me realize I have an audience out there. There are MADtv fans who will drive by and yell out, "Uh-oh! Hot dog!" or "Connie Chung at Disneyland" or whatever, but *Tiger Belly* fans know about my drug addiction, about my molestation. They know how I feel about my father and the trauma I lived through, so when people come to my *Tiger Belly* show, I hug them. I've helped a couple people get sober through the podcast, and it's really just done so much for my life, so much I'm grateful for. It has like half a million followers. It used to be, I would go to a room like the Chicago Improv and I'd sell maybe 200 tickets, maybe 150, for a show, but since *Tiger Belly* I sell out every show like a month ahead of time. Plus, it's about optics, because I didn't get *Game On!* because of acting work. I got it because James Corden and Ben Winston knew me as a podcaster, so it all kind of works out. As long as you stay in the game and don't quit, maybe reinvent yourself a little bit, it all works out.

I see your nickname is The Slept King?

Yeah, on *Tiger Belly*, when the whole "woke" thing happened, we realized I'm the opposite: I'm "slept." People started calling me The Slept King because I don't know anything about anything. I mean, obviously all these social issues that are coming up, I tend to lean left on them…

So in terms of the election?

What election?

Wow, you really don't know anything about anything, do you?

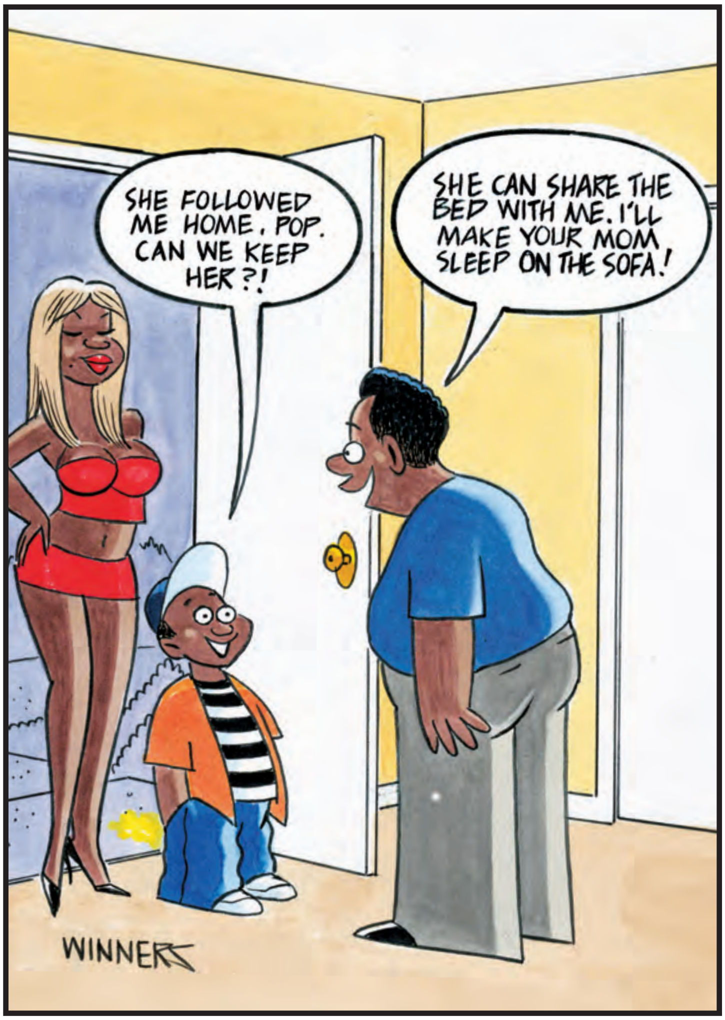
What? You mean the Presidency? Oh, my God…

Tell me.

Okay, is Joe Biden my dream candidate? No, right? There are times that I feel like he's lost in space when he's talking maybe. But I just don't vibe with Trump. I've tried, for like a week. I got the hat; I got a Confederate flag. But I just couldn't do it. The hat just looked weird on my big head. I mean, really, I want to be mindful and open, but the man has no redeeming quality. There's nothing about him I like. I don't like the way he walks. I don't like the way he drinks water. I obviously don't like his ideology. I just think he's a liar and a con man, and I can't do it anymore—I'm sorry.

Look who's all woke now!

It's Bobby Lee! H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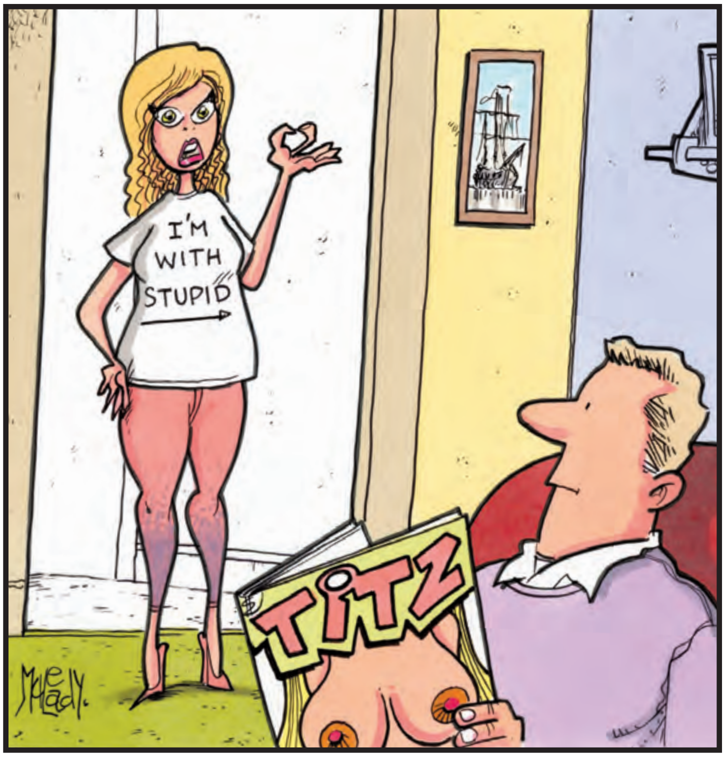

"Hey, babe, does this shirt make me look like Melania Trump?"

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RYAN KEELY & VINA SKY

LESBIAN MILFS DOMINATE FIRST TIMERS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: MACKENZIE MOSS, SERENE SIREN, ALANA CRUISE, PAIGE OWENS, RYAN KEELY, VINA SKY, SARAH VANDELLA & LEXIE FOXX.

Lesbian MILFs Dominate First Timers earns major points for title specificity—three cheers for laying it on the line in this era of deception, deflection and outright bullshit. But luckily this video offers much more than clarity in labeling. If you're a fan of tight, young asses being swatted under the firm guidance of a seasoned older woman and chicks scissoring each other so hard that their clits practically pop off, congratulations—you've found your new favorite video. Paige Owens is caught brown-bagging it with a beer on her school campus, and like any concerned educator, her teacher Alana Cruise shows up at Owens' dorm for a counseling session. Half-mentor, half-predator, Cruise eventually mounts Owens' chest and plants her pussy right on her student's face, trapping her in an erotic leg lock. Further on, petite, tawny-skinned cutie Vina Sky pairs up with Amazonian blonde Ryan Keely. It's a real David and Goliath matchup—Sky barely stands shoulder-high to the towering Keely, and the viewer half-expects Keely to lift Sky above her head and spin her around. Instead, Keely deep-throats Sky's foot before plunging the little cutie's twat with a gargantuan dildo. The video truly hits its thematic stride with a wrestling-themed scene featuring blond combatants Mackenzie Moss and Serene Siren. This is no "tee-hee" pillow fight; it's a knock-down, eat-out brawl that finds them going to town on snatch when they're not tossing each other around like a couple of rag dolls. *Lesbian MILFs Dominate First Timers* will likewise leave you wrestling with your cock. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

ALANA CRUISE &
PAIGE OWENS

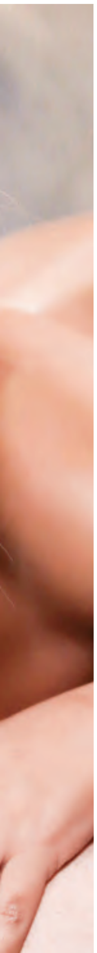
SERENE SIREN &
MACKENZIE MOSS

LEXIE FOXX &
SARAH VANDELLA

KENNA JAMES & CHARLOTTE STOKELY

LACY LENNON

BRIDGETTE B



CLOSING TIME

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: MIKE QUASAR. STARRING: LACY LENNON, WHITNEY WRIGHT, KENNA JAMES, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, BRIDGETTE B, RYAN MCLANE, TOMMY PISTOL, SETH GAMBLE & SMALL HANDS

Hey, remember bars? Those places where, before the Great Plague, we all gathered to have a few drinks and make a few ill-conceived, alcohol-fueled decisions? In this modern era of COVID-19 quarantine, *Closing Time* provides a reasonable approximation of the bar experience—specifically, the part when the bartender shouts, “Last call,” the lights come up, and the solid nine you thought you saw from across the room is suddenly an iffy four. The video centers around a financially struggling downtown Los Angeles watering hole, and apropos of the theme, poor choices are made. Stunning blond sexpot Charlotte Stokely wanders into the women’s room to get down with another hot towhead. What should have been a crotch-swelling encounter is marred by harsh, sickly lighting that highlights every minor imperfection of these otherwise lovely slit-lickers. Was this a creative decision intended to reflect the grim dreariness of bar life? Possibly. But given the talent involved, this is a waste akin to mixing premium whiskey with day-old dishwater. Subsequent scenes, fortunately, are delivered in a marginally less dick-shriveling tonal palette. Tattooed love boy Small Hands bangs out wide-eyed brunette Whitney Wright, and while the lighting still lands on the morgue-ish end of the spectrum, the viewer might well feel his temperature rise. Hopefully he hasn’t decided to reach for the bottle instead of his cock by that time. Despite its tavern setting, *Closing Time* struggles to serve up a stiff one. **—P.D.R.**

KENNA JAMES & CHARLOTTE STOKELY

WHITNEY WRIGHT

AUTUMN FALLS

JULES JORDAN'S THREE WAYS

DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. **STARRING:** EMILY WILLIS, VINA SKY, AUTUMN FALLS, NAOMI SWANN, JULES JORDAN & MARKUS DUPREE.

They say good things come in threes, and *Jules Jordan's Three Ways* is ample evidence of that. There's nothing remotely elaborate or elegant about this offering—just Jules Jordan and Markus Dupree merrily double-teaming their way through a procession of female flesh. Even so, the lads' stamina borders on Olympian, and their choice of cum targets is top-shelf. Slender brunette Emily Willis has the demeanor of a slutty Jenner sister and the mouth of a longshoreman. Gratifyingly filthy smut-talk spills from her mouth in the windup to the sex. Then, once the action kicks in, her mouth and other orifices are put to further dick-swelling use. Somehow dainty and debauched at the same time, Willis gets twisted into truly incredible configurations as her drum-tight body is put to the test. Her pinhole shitter is dilated by cock until it resembles a crater created by a giant meteor. At scene's end, her pretty mug is double-glazed as her triumphant and satisfied smile beams through the thick coating of jizz. Exotic fuck munchkin Vina Sky is so tiny, she looks a little like a ventriloquist's dummy getting worked over by Jordan and Dupree, but she packs a ton of erotic heat—not to mention dick—into that diminutive frame, and the pint-size beauty gamely devours cock and cornhole alike while her pussy gets a drubbing. *Jules Jordan's Three Ways* packs an erotic punch that will have you clenching your fist around your cock. **—P.D.R.**

NAOMI SWANN

EMILY WILLIS

VINA SKY

LANA RHOADES & ADRIA RAE

FUCK LIKE YOU MEAN IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Jon

Eat pussy like you mean it. Don’t do bullshit like side lick for a minute and call it quits. Get in there like you’re going to dislocate your jaw and suck my soul out! If a man can’t go down like a lesbian, he should leave me alone. I love my pussy. When I fuck, my favorite thing is when it gets sweaty. The hotter, the better!” **—Adria**

I've always been very mature for my age. Because of that, people thought I was weird. I knew what I wanted in life, and I wasn't afraid to go after it. In high school I was already planning my porn career. I saw what other performers were doing, and it seemed like a good path. Adult entertainment has opened up many so doors for me, and I'm excited for the future." **—Lana**

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PAYSON PRIME

"I knew from the time I turned 13 that I wanted to be a stripper," says Payson Prime, 24, from Phoenix, Arizona. "I've worked in commercial real estate and the medical field off and on, but I've never been shy about my aspirations in the adult industry. I had a bucket list and a plan for being a successful sex worker, which began at midnight on my 18th birthday. HUSTLER is a major accomplishment!" The 5-foot-5 "bombshell, wino and naughty sadist" reveals why shedding her duds for an audience is so appealing. "For many girls it's the sheer taboo of modeling nude that gets us off," Payson relates. "It's a turn-on for the same reason that BDSM, my favorite fetish, is. Both are considered naughty, dirty, even morally wrong by narrow-minded people, but so what?! We're happily exploring taboos in a safe, consensual way." Bi-curious Payson adds, "I'm an adventurous lover and eager to please. I've often been told that my sexual encounters are refreshing, rewarding and uncomplicated." Nevertheless Payson is eyeing a mainstream career: "I've enrolled at a university to obtain a bachelor's degree in hopes of becoming a cosmetic dermatologist." —*Photos by Friend*

Twitter & Instagram: @PaysonPrime
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“My fantasies are being in a nonmonogamous relationship and having sex in front of a high-rise floor-to-ceiling window.”

JORDAN TAYLOR

"It runs in my genes to be naked," declares Jordan Taylor, 28, a park ranger from Denver, Colorado. "One of my kicks is flashing the pizza guy, so thank you for this opportunity to show off *everything* to lots of men." The 5-foot-6 newbie's pastimes include ballet, skydiving and bungee jumping, but she's had to forgo them these past few months. "During the COVID-19 lockdown," Jordan explains, "I've pursued hobbies such as painting on my walls, playing guitar, writing songs and exercising on my stripper pole naked. My new outlook is to not let the pandemic inhibit me from living. We should all get out and do things at times, but stay very careful in social environments until things get better." In some ways they already have for Jordan. "COVID-19 has enhanced my sex drive to the extreme," the bi gal admits. "My pussy is always wet, but the lockdown has made me even hornier, and I know why. Sex offers comfort and love to those experiencing anxiety, depression and fear during this pandemic. It cures a lot of stress." On that note the avid squirter muses, "I hope readers come all over my pictures."

—Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio

“I swallow cum during blowjobs, and I’m curious about anal sex. But my biggest fantasy is joining the Mile High Club.”

Twitter: @Taylor28Jordan

SIDNEY

The Beaver State has sent us some damn fine exhibitionists, and here's the latest standout. Sidney, 27, is a certified yoga instructor and stripper from Astoria, Oregon, with a great reason to be naked in Larry Flynt's flagship mag. "I love HUSTLER!" raves the 5-foot-7 hiking, camping and dancing aficionada, who's incredibly lovable herself. "I'm compassionate, funny and absolutely imaginative," Sidney tells us. "I'm intuitive by nature and optimistic by heart, and I'm quite skilled at using my creative instincts in the bedroom." Besides displaying her stellar body in all its glory, "100% proud to be bi" Sidney touts the benefits of yoga. "Any exercise that involves the core muscles—like yoga, bicycling and weight lifting—can trigger a sense of pleasure, including what's called a *coregasm*," she elaborates. "Yoga helps with stress, anxiety, depression, sexual desire and even premature ejaculation." Yoga is also applicable to Sidney's naughty nature: "My favorite poses are downward dog and supta konasana, which is perfect for a guy who's into piledriving me. That's always coregasmic!" *—Photos by Friend*

“My fantasy is to be with five other naked girls and a hot guy. We blindfold him and play a game—Guess Who’s Fellating You. Then a girl is blindfolded for another game—Guess Who’s Eating You Out. I’m a deep-throat specialist, but I also love giving women great head.”

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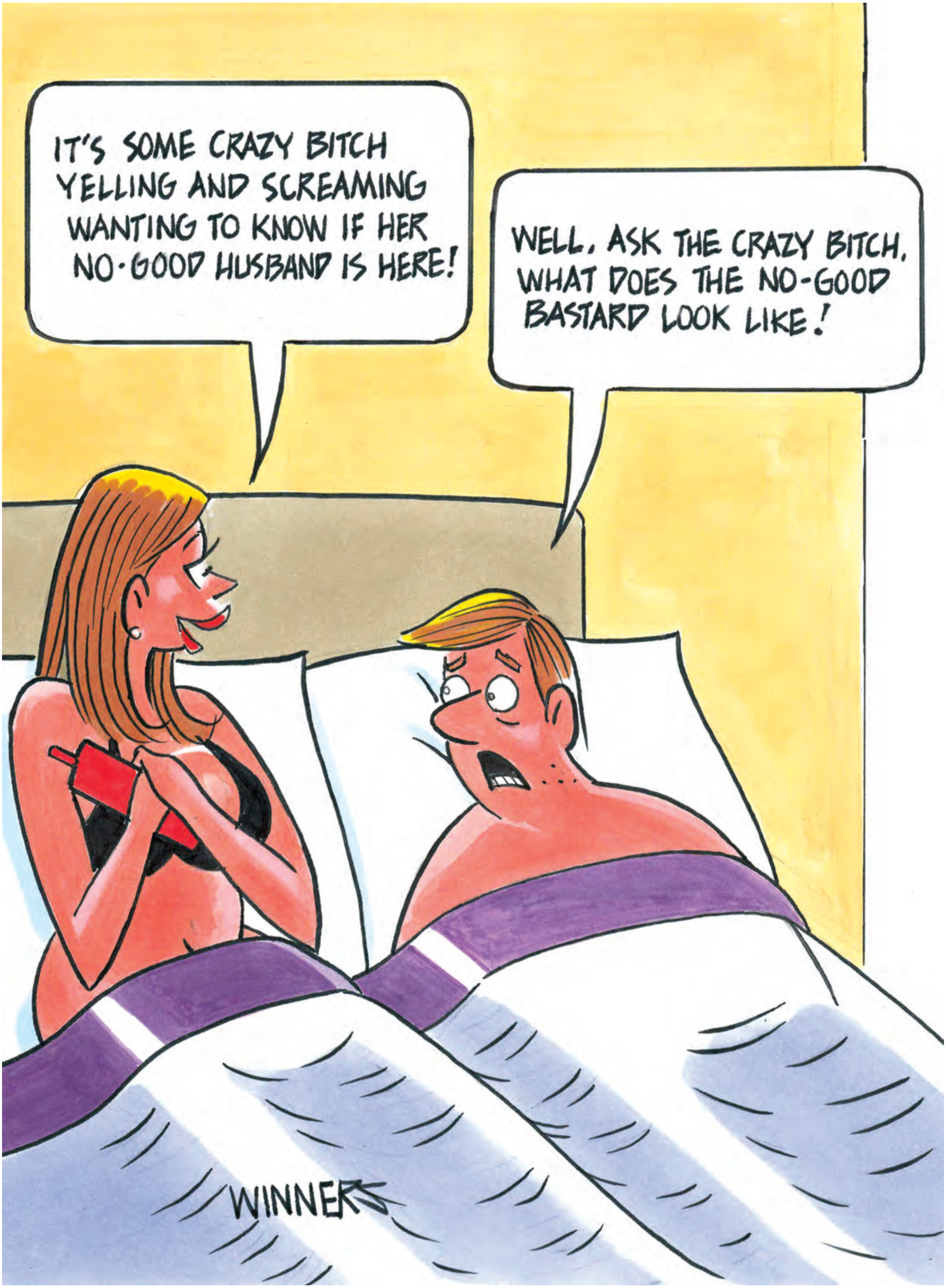
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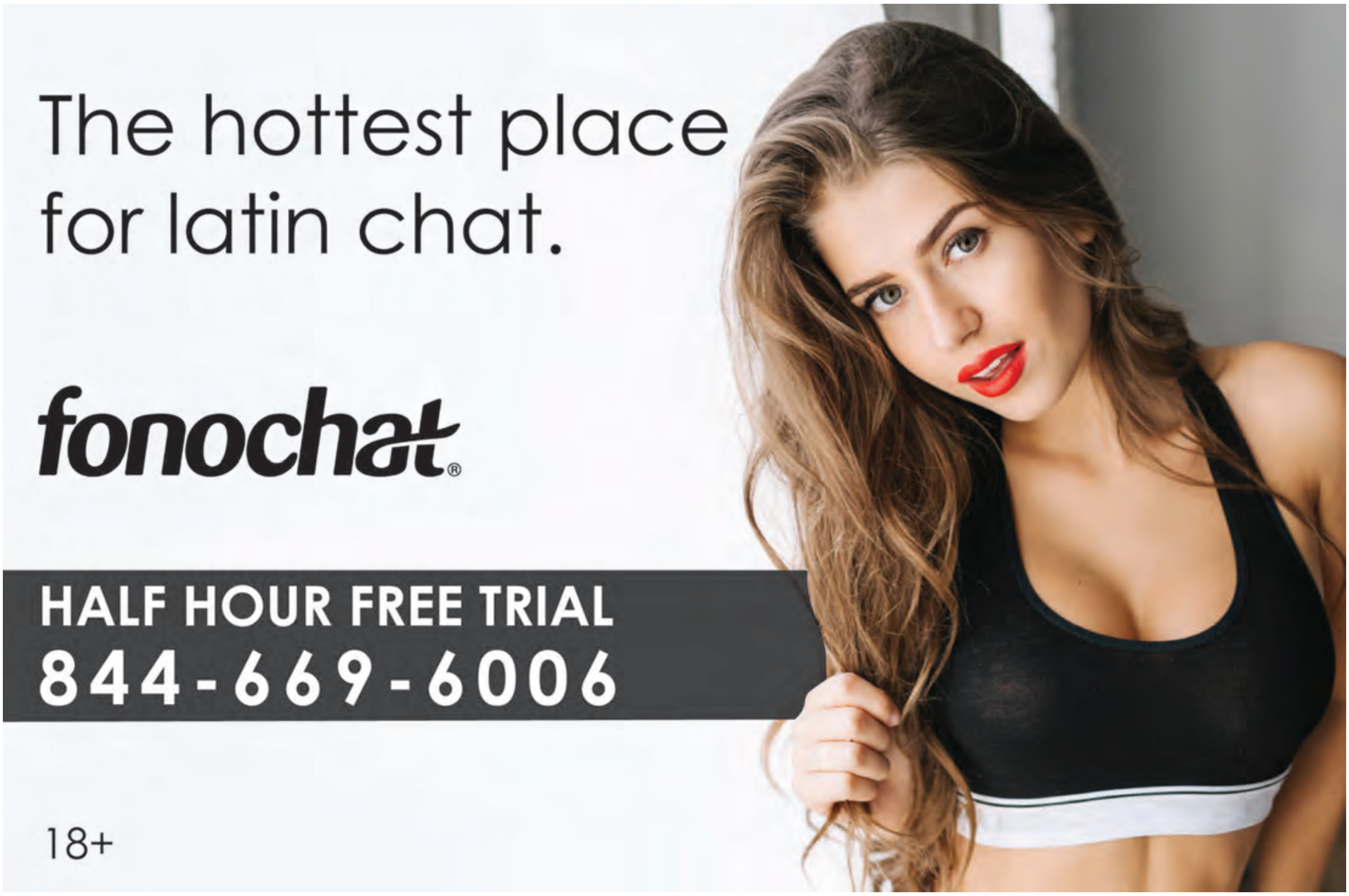
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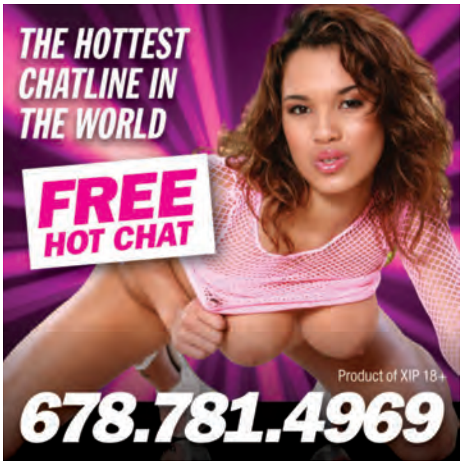
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

From her gilded cage overlooking the rest of the world, **Shelby** yearns for the men that her elitist family keeps from her. Her body bronzed by the sun and her mound freshly shaved, **Shelby** commits her day to sitting poolside and massaging every pink inch of her pussy. “I yearn to be fucked,” the blonde muses. “But all the real men are away, it seems. Surely someone has the balls,” **Shelby** pouts. “What I’d do to those balls.”

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ZAHRA STARDUST

Zahra Stardust has earned her Ph.D. in pornography. The good doctor walks us through her coursework, introducing us to the challenges encountered in achieving her degree, the intense research involved and the life lessons learned. Article by Zahra Stardust. Photography by Roberto Duran.

WOMEN IN TATTOOING

The old stereotypes in the world of tattooing no longer apply. No more is it an industry full of bearded white male artists. Meet the pioneering women who made the transition possible, along with a new generation of talented female tattooists. Feature by Josh Chesler.

PHOTO COURTESY GOLD RUSH TATTOO

BARELY LEGAL #179 COLLEGE SECRETS

Four brand-new XXX barely legals star in this dormitory delight. Finally, no more parents—it's time to go wild! Watch Nikole Nash, Lulu Chu, Sadie Hartz and Kourtney Rae explore their newfound fucking freedom every chance they get. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

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